SEX LIFE OF AN UNMARRIED WOMAN

a frank report from MR. Magazine's
exclusive survey of American morals

mr.

AUGUST • 60¢ • K

THE DISORGANIZATION MAN

Bruce Cook proves that bachelors
are a persecuted minority

AGENT 007:
BOTTLED IN BOND
BUT ROLLING IN GOLD

WITH COVER GIRL
DARTLAND DELROY
ON THE ISLE OF WINDS

see page 14







MONK—Thelonious Monk (Columbia CL 2261)

PORTRAIT OF THELONIOUS—Bud Powell (Columbia CL 2282)

Not many jazzmen can boast a Time cover as Thelonious Monk can (Louis Armstrong is the only other one I can recall offhand) but Monk has been a leading influence in modern panology for two decades so that the accolades, however late are well deserved. Eccentric, colorful he has rightfully earned the epithet genius. Lacking exposure to modern classical music like the earlier Hines, Ellington and Tatum, and the later modernists, Monk has been able to strike out on his own to create a unique and astoundingly pure music.

This Monk album is representative which means that all the tracks are equally outstanding and while the tunes may be familiar "Just You Just Me," "April in Paris," "Liza" and what seems like the Mickey Mouse club theme among others the playing is highly individualistic and swing skillfully without a lag. The rest of the group are equal to their chores.

When Monk was already well established as a pianist in Minton's Playhouse in Harlem in the 40s a teenager named Bud Powell would stop by to listen and admire. Later when Powell became an influential piano stylist in the musical idiom founded by Monk and a few others called BeBop he went on to sing Monk's praises and play his music. The admiration was mutual.

By 1964 Bud was a sick man in many ways and after six years of wandering around Europe he was hospitalized with TB in Paris. On his release that summer a close friend French commercial artist Francis Paudras undertook the difficult task of rehabilitating Powell and even managed to bring him back to New York. He got a few dates but his playing was often erratic and lacking early Powell luster and drive. On the night before Powell and his friend were to return to Paris Bud disappeared. He was found later disheveled and dazed and back to abnormal. Renewed associations with Harlem and the up-tempo music and life in New York, which he had earlier tried to escape, did it.

Fortunately in between these misadventures, Columbia managed to record Powell "live" in a nightclub. Presumably a tribute to the man who inspired and influenced him, Monk, Powell plays only three of Monk's tunes and his own tribute to him—"Thelonious." The rest is straight Powell and, with careful editing, the uncertainties of his regular nightclub playing are often absent. Wherever he is now I hope Powell comes back. Jazz needs him.

SONG FOR MY FATHER—Horace Silver Quintet (Blue Note 4165)

Too many jazzmen get lost by over recording but Horace Silver is an exception and this rich serving of his versatile always tasteful and tunky piano is a welcome addition to eight other albums he cut for this veteran jazz label (Blue Note is 26 years old this year making it the oldest surviving jazz label.)

In the title tune Silver digs into his roots and dedicates he bossa nova oriented composition (inspired by a recent visit to Brazil) to his half Portuguese father (who was born in one of the Cape Verde islands and later came to the States where Horace was born).

The other compositions— The Natives are Restless Tonight," "Calcutta Cutie" "Que Pasa —are heterogenous as Silver's background (my mother was of mixed Irish and Negro descent) and showcase his versatility with trumpeter Blue Mitchell and tenor saxist Joe Henderson as adept effectors. Verdict: Silver is gold.

I'M TRYIND TO GET HOME—Donald Byrd (Blue Note 4159)

Donald Byrd a jazzman of no mean talents has been experimenting with a choir as part of his continuing soul search and in this extension of a previous album (A New Perspective) he adds some facile brass.

Byrd must be commended for not want ng to get caught in a "bag" (as the idiom goes) like older more successful musicians. But he would have done better with a smaller more flexible vocal group then this large aggregation which often tastes tempos gets in the way of the swing. Only on the slow spiritual type numbers do they really click with the brass.

ANYONE FOR MOZART?—The Swingle Singers (Philips 200 149)

The Swingle Singers, who pleasantly jolted the vocal jazz scene with their interpretation of Bach's Greatest Hits some time ago prove they weren't bach ing up the wrong tree by stick-ng to the baroque groove this time with Mozart yet with mus cally more fruitful results the highlight of this splendid album being "Sonata No 15" perhaps the group's best single effort to date. The variations on Dirais (which you'll recognize as "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star") are similarly rewarding. They even swing "Eine Kleine Nachi Music" and I'm sure even Mozart would have dug this treatment. Verdict: A single swinger.

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dear mr.

Wont to give the editor the business?

Here's the spot where you can!

My Dear Sir Enjoy your line magazine very much, particularly the letters about girls getting spanked. I'd also like to see some good pictures of well shaped older women. Most of the girls you show look like young kids which is okay I guess but, like the other fellow from Pennsylvania wrote, I'd like to see much bigger and older women. I see a woman on our block who wears very short shorts in the summer. She has a big rear and and the biggest pair I ever saw. That is the type of woman I like and would like to see in your magazine

A. Z., New York

Dear MR: I have read your magazine for many years and would like to tell you how much I enjoy it. I particularly enjoy your Survey Reports and Dear MR. I find them both very interesting. I have no complaints of the rest of your magazine either.

I would like to agree with R. W. G. from Pa. in your May issue. It would be nice to see an occasional picture layout of the more mature type woman, with a well developed figure. Where you have two large layouts and one small layout, this would not be too difficult. I hope you give it some thought. I believe he described her well, about 25 to 30, with around a 38" to 40" bust and hips.

Another suggestion I hope you might consider is a feature where readers could send in pictures of amateur models, wives, or girl friends and you would print them. There was a magazine, Night & Day, that had this feature. This gave a reader a chance to see many different types of women and was quite popular.

C. G. T., Mass.

Dear MR. Editor: More men should take "Advice To Men" as written by Alice in your Feb. 1965 issue. (About the virtues of the older woman.—Editor's Note.)

One of my most satisfactory affairs was with an older woman. In fact when it started I was 26 and she was 52. I knew her by doing contract work now and then for her husband. I always thought that she had her nose in the air or acted too prissy, although she was very attractive for her age. Small with a touch of grey hair. Then her husband was killed. I continued to visit her and do small favors. One evening after a proper time I met her at the plane after she had been visiting relatives. We returned to her gracious house and had a drink. While mixing the second I took her in my arms and kissed her hard. She made no move except towards me and responded very well. I stroked her as she moaned she didn't know. This night I went home.

The next night as we were sitting on the couch in the dimly lit den having a drink I started petting her. To my surprise she had no panties on, she told me a little while it's cool and she never wore any while it was warm. I knew better as she always wore form fitting clothes and the outline was there. She offered no resistance as I gently carried her to the bed. After this we had a wonderful relationship. She was totally unrehabilitated as to the time or the place ... and the need for warm-ups was little.

She didn't need to buy me as I was plenty happy with the merchandise. But she bestowed fancy sweaters, high priced bourbon and other goodies on me. Also the boys to bar can anytime as well as the house. This without all the pressure of getting married, no fear of pregnancy or time of the month to miss. It was great. Every guy should have a round of this. They wouldn't go home at night hurting and frustrated after spending a roll and endless time on the sweet young thing. I believe much in that old saying: "There may be snow on the roof but there is fire in the basement."

J. H., Kansas

Dear A. Z., C. T. and J. H.—Thanks for your various observations relating in varied ways to the more mature woman. Be sure that your interests will be remembered here and—in particular—our picture editors will be considering your points of view.

Dear Sir: I was interested in a letter by J. W. in the April issue which referred to another letter in the January issue (which I missed) written by A. t., a minister. I too am a minister having served a major Protestant denomination for 15 years.

My education included 4 years college, 3 years theological seminary, and I will soon have a Master's Degree from a midwestern university. Because I am interested in the changing attitudes toward sex, I have followed rather closely, and with considerable interest, your reports on wife swapping and related activity.

Since the function of religion in society is to conserve the values by which its citizens live and act, the church, or religious groups, is slow to change its concepts of what must be preserved or in what form it must be kept. Admittedly, sometimes changes come about too slowly.

I, for one, would say that our concepts of relations between the sexes (adult men and women) must change. For a long time many ministers have realized that marriage is often merely a legal (and church-sanctioned) arrangement for intercourse. It is my belief that the primary concern of Judaism and Christianity according to the scriptures at least, has been for the security and well being of any children resulting from sexual union and for the proper regard for the personalities involved, particularly the women.

With present day methods of birth control, the possibility of children need not be a concern except as they are wanted. Regarding personality, it seems to me that each adult person considering the possibility of sexual intercourse with an individual of the opposite sex, whether married to each other or not, might well ask himself the following questions:

"Is this experience mutually desired by both parties?"

"Am I taking undue advantage of my would-be partner?"

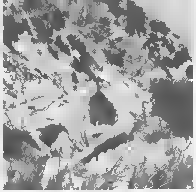
"Am I concerned that this experience be as rewarding for the other person as for myself?"

"Am I seeking the other person's happiness and well-being as much as my own—honestly?"

With these concerns for the other person, when it is without selfishness or desire to hurt, misuse or abuse anyone, I believe that two persons may enjoy sexual intercourse, within or across or outside of marriage lines, to the mutual benefit of each party. We enjoy pleasant conversation, a game of tennis a hand of bridge, or simply just being otherwise associated closely with opposite-sex partners. I see no need for sexual intercourse to be in a separate category.

It will be a long time before ministers can make public pronouncements in this way. Only in some counseling situations can we let individuals know

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mr.

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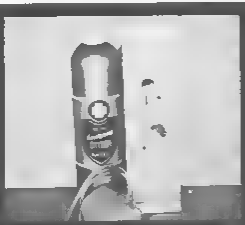
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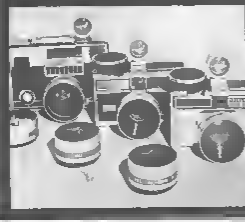
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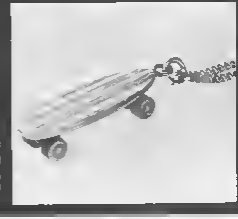
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"Oh nothing much—I'm giving Ralph his therapy"



(Cont from page 2)

that there may not necessarily be reason for guilt feelings.

Because of prevailing attitudes, it is extremely difficult for a minister to have an opportunity for an other-than-wife partner, especially if his wife is against "swapping" as mine is. People either assume that a minister with such an attitude is some kind of "nut" or else they feel that here is a nice bit of news that the bishop or pulpit committee ought to know about

Let me hasten to say that I have never "had to move" for this reason. Nor has it, to my knowledge, been my privilege to even come close to an opportunity for intercourse with any woman other than my wife. It is my hope that sometime I may have this experience.

Probably, however, there will be no significant change on the part of most Christian religious bodies in regard to sex matters much sooner than the turn of the century

Thank you for hearing me!

R. Q., Illinois

Dear R Q—Thank you for sharing your thoughts with us and your fellow readers. We have been pleased indeed by the number of ministers who have become acquainted with our magazine and who appreciate our purpose of thoughtful inquiry in an area where emotionalism often interferes with objective reporting.

Sir: In my capacity as Headmaster of a small boarding school for the daughters of the Clergy I have long believed moderate bottom-chastisement a much more useful and wholesome corrective for girls than any of the so-called 'modern, enlightened methods'

From the time that they enter my school around their thirteenth birthday I endeavour to teach the girls to regard me as their friend—but make no secret of the fact that I am a strict and determined disciplinarian.

The majority have been attending schools where spankings and canings are virtually unknown, so on the evening of their arrival I assemble them together in my private sitting-room and explain the salient features of the disciplinary regime

I explain that I intend to tolerate no kind of naughtiness, and that I intend to accept no excuses of any kind I stress the fact that I have no intention of showing them leniency merely because they happen to be newcomers in the school—that I permit no warnings to be given, and permit no second chances.

Sometimes the number of girls admitted is as low as five, sometimes there are nine or ten of them, but I try to keep the atmosphere informal and encourage them to ask questions.

I attach considerable importance to the utter informality of these little gatherings in my sitting room. Where possible I try to break down their reserve by using the sort of language that schoolgirls use amongst themselves, but I insist upon their understanding that I intend real business

We all have a cup of hot milk or cocoa together, and then they go to the dormitory and fetch their pajamas, come back into the sitting room to undress for bed, and watch one or two of the seniors undergo punishment for such offenses as talking-in-class or being noisy

The sight of big girls nervously lowering their bloomers for a good hot caning serves to impress upon the newcomers the reality of their situation. To the youngster of thirteen the girl who happens to be thirty-six months older probably appears mature, but once the cane begins to swish the illusion is destroyed

For this little demonstration I naturally select suitable seniors, for I think it does the younger girls good to be made to realize that they are very small fish in a large pond

After the seniors have had the cane I put them across my knee and smack them soundly before dismissing them Then I read aloud the appropriate verses from the Book of Hebrews "Whereas no chastisement at the time seemeth to be pleasant but grevious, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby" We have a few brief prayers, and then the new girls go straight into bed with plenty to think about.

Unlike some schoolmasters I make no attempt to convince girls that I regard punishment as 'unpleasant' or 'distasteful.' At least once a month, and more if the opportunity presents itself, I arrange to birch a girl during the course of Morning Assembly

What are the results of my system? Examination results are invariably first class. I have an impossibly long waiting-list of prospective pupils and hundreds of well-satisfied parents ready to sing the praises of our school

Frequently I have the pleasure of hosting old pupils in Holy Matrimony in the school chapel and at this moment of time have in my care three girls who are the daughters of my former pupils Two of my assistants were pupils themselves not long ago

We have our bed-wetters and our problem-children, but we achieve a true family atmosphere in a small and closely-knit community Our Old Pupils Association is a very live thing indeed and does much for the school.

As we sow, so we reap. They that sow in tears reap in joy.

P. K (The Reverend), England

Dear Mr Shelton After reading some of the letters in your past two or three issues, I decided to write you about a recent experience of mine

This is my third year in college and my second year to have the same roommate, who is one year behind me in school. He is nineteen years old and plays on our varsity football team I am twenty years old and hope to be playing again on the college basketball team.

One Friday night not long ago my roommate and I were in our dormitory room just about ready for bed I was studying and he was finishing his weekly pre-game chore of shaving his legs in order that they might be taped if necessary. He has always been openly vain about his legs, which are about the best developed and most muscular legs I have ever seen He always shaves his legs up to his knees with lather and blades, whereas most other ball players use clippers on their nakies.

Just before we went to bed that night, he told me he had cheated on an exam the previous day and felt very guilty about it, and thought he should be disciplined Thinking he meant administrative discipline from his professor or dean, I agreed with him, but warned him that if he reported himself he would fail the course and might even be expelled. Quickly he explained he meant physical discipline and asked me if I would give him a good spanking. He said his father had spanked him up until he finished high school, and it had always made him feel better.

I had never spanked anyone in my life, although I have received quite a few Since he is a good friend, and since I couldn't see any harm in it, I told him okay. He told me not to stop until he told me to and I agreed He layed down on his bed, stomach down, and pulled up his pajama pants above his knees Assuming he wanted me to spank his legs, I began slapping his very large and hairless calves with my open hand With each stroke I could see his legs getting more pink and I realized it must be stinging him because my hand was stinging It was then I saw that I was becoming sexually excited and aroused After about twenty-five slaps, both of my hands were given out, but I didn't want to stop. Trying to conceal my enjoyment, I told him my hands were stinging too badly He told me to get my ruler and continue. I picked up an eighteen inch

(Continued on page 52)

FAMILY MAN ● THE HARDEST PART OF THE JOB WAS GETTING THE MICKEY INTO MRS. STEWARD THAT TOOK finesse, and it took the right contact, and it took two-hundred dollers. ■ The first thing Brown had to do was to study Mrs. Steward's habits. There hadn't been much to that: she was one of those middle-upperclass women with time and money on her hands. She jettisoned both through charge accounts. She went shopping three-four times a week, and the part of the pattern that caught Brown's eye was the inevitable afternoon pause that refreshes in a so-so swank cocktail bar. Two dry, very dry martinis, four cigarettes, and then home. Same thing every time, same bar, same hour. Brown had a chat with the bartender. ■ The bartender lived like any normal American—up to his eyeballs in debt, with his hands tied and a lead weight on his left foot. He was willing to listen to reason. He said five hundred. ■ Brown had to laugh. He said, "One bill." ■ Then it was the bartender's turn to laugh, but he didn't. He gave a snort and gave Brown a short, close study. It could only be short, because when it came to money and business Brown's face was an open book. It showed a black-and-white illustration of dollar signs with armed guards standing around them. So the bartender didn't say what a Maine horse trader would say. He didn't say four bills. He said "Three." ■ "Two. And I've got a date five minutes from now." ■ So it would pay for the repairs on the goddam car and for the repairs on the goddam TV and cover the mortgage for the month and maybe leave enough left over to take the wife out for a feed. Sold. ■ Brown took out a roll of tens and held it close to his vest and started thumbing the right corners outward. "Ten'n twenty'n thirty'n forty'n fifty'n sixty'n seventy'n eighty'n ninety'n you get the other yard when it's done." ■ And two days later it was done. And after it was done the rest was pie. Plain pie. ■ Right in the middle of the second dry, very dry martini, Mrs. Steward got that stupid look in her suddenly glassy eyes, and Brown got up from his seat, without looking at the bartender who wasn't looking at him, and went down by Mrs. Steward's booth, as though he were heading for the rear exit or the john, and he (Continued on page 56)

by ROBERT EDMOND ALTER





■ In case the only movies you've seen recently are on the late late show may be you've missed this new fellow who's stirring up more excitement on the big screen than anyone since Errol Flynn and Clark Gable But you're bound to have heard of him—James Bond secret agent 007 and one of the slickest most debonair sleuths ever to shoot his way off the printed page and onto the silver screen He is perpetually surrounded by sexy blondes and brunettes drives exotic type cars drinks vintage wines and lives it up in the grand manner in all the best places while he's bumping off any number of bad guys

James Bond grew up in the fashionable West End of London, went to the right schools associated only with the right people and comes naturally by his taste for suits from Savile Row silk shirts—handmade of course—from Bond Street and specially blended cigarettes

Meanwhile up in Edinburgh Scotland a kid named Tommy Connery was growing up in a two-room flat with no indoor plumbing, dropping out of school at 14 to see and working spasmodically at odd jobs that required more brawn than brains. His mother hired out to do housework. His father drove a truck—and still does Tommy drove a truck too Worked as a coffin polisher Was a life guard Did three years in the British Navy from which he was discharged with an ulcer and a tattoo on each arm one reading "Mum and Dad" and the other stating firmly "Scotland Forever" In his circles Tommy held it made when he acquired a motorbike and a job as a printer's assistant where he got to wear a real tor sure store-boughten suit

Offhand I would be hard to imagine two guys less alike but oddly enough the fellow who is devastating the moviegoing public as James Bond is none other than Tommy—now known as Sean (pronounce that Shawn)—Connery The kid from the wrong side of the Edinburgh tracks

Sean—he says he acquired the name long before he dreamed of becoming an actor—got into the acting racket pretty much by accident He sure didn't work his way up through school plays and little theatres and the British version of the Actors Studio Back from the Navy at 19 he resisted his Mom's advice to "learn a trade" and coasted around from one job to another hoping sometime to find one that wouldn't interfere with the rest of his life That meant girls, and football and weight-lifting and zooming around the countryside on his bike—all important and time-consuming hobbies

And one weekend he went down to London with his gang to take part in a weight lifting contest There he met a weight lifter whom had seen in lots of physical culture magazines, Stanley Howatt his name was and he suggested to Sean that he try to get an extras job in the London company of South Pacific To the 22 year old who had about run through all the jobs Edinburgh had to offer it sounded like fun Hastily he took a 48-hour crash course in singing and dancing got the job and for two years toured with the South Pacific Company throughout England

By the end of that time even Actors Anonymous couldn't have saved him He went back to London with the $500 he'd saved up and his trusty motorbike, rented a gloomy basement flat—and went on the dole while he waited for the phone to ring

Eventually it did His first job paid a snappy $20 a week and it cost him $30 per just to live But one role led to another until finally he was able to attract a good agent (You know how it is with

(Continued on page 55)

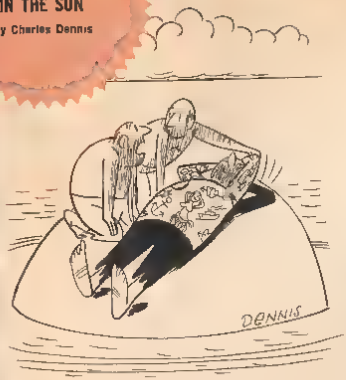
"I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY WRONG TO HIT A WOMAN," SAYS SEAN CONNERY, "AND I DON'T CALL IT SADISM



Sean Connery (as James Bond) romances Nadja Regin in movie "Goldfinger."

ISLAND IN THE SUN

By Charles Dennis



"Don't turn him over—I haven't finished the comics yet!"



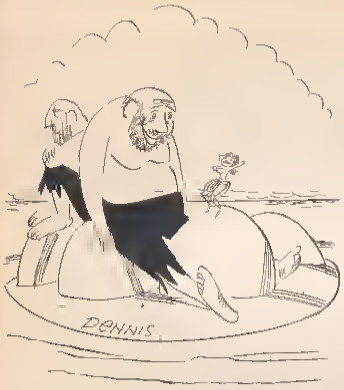
"It's for you!"



"Dear Diary: Same thing again today—but standing."



"Thank God! The Beatles in 'I Want To Hold Your Hand'!"



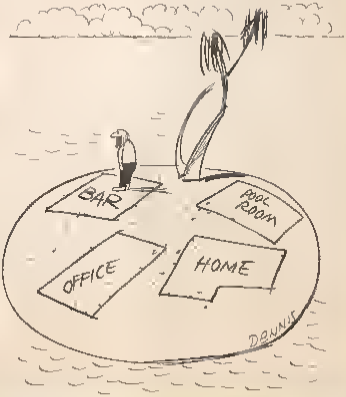
"We've been here a long time, ah, Harry?"



'Dear Diary Never trust a sailor.'



"Martha, I want a divorce."



DARTLAND DELROY



■ There's that place in the south of France where it is perfectly proper—and indeed customary—for a young man clad in bathing trunks to dance rugged bare chest against shapely bare bosom with a young lady attired in a topless bikini. No irate gendarmes will whip out pencils to write a summons for a couple so engaged for their attire is quite legal.

This happy spot whose days may well be numbered is the renowned ILE DU LEVANT which freely translated means Isle of the Winds. It is located a forty-five minute ferry ride from Le Levandou a resort town that lies southwest of St. Tropez and Brigitte Bardot on the French Riviera.

It is part of the archipelago of Hyeres and was purchased in 1878 by a Monsieur Edouard Ollel who planned to use it as his winter residence and also to make it a paying proposition by cultivating wine grapes. He prospered but subsequently his heirs got into tax difficulties with the French Government which took over the island. It was turned over to the French Navy to be used as a base for naval target practice.

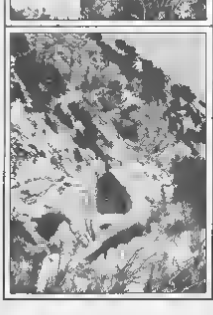
In 1932 a proponent of nudism Dr. Andre Durville took over the territory around an old fortress called Fort Napoleon and founded a village he named Heliopolis. Dr. Durville's basic rules were simple: total nudism was to be permitted in the more isolated sections of the territory but when nudists came into the town to do their shopping or for entertainment, they would have to wear what the French call le maximum. This is a small triangular-shaped covering strategically placed and held up by an elastic band around the hips. Ladies may also wear halters if they so desire, but few do.

The Isle is thus one of the few places left in our civilized world where the girls walk around like pretty native lasses in the South Seas used to before progress wrapped them in hostess gowns or Mother Hubbards. Family groups congregate here at the height of the summer season—Papa, Mama and the progeny all happily soaking up the sun. They come from many walks of life ranging from shopkeepers to bohemians from movie stars to goateed abstract painters.

In the early years it was a rugged though pleasant enough arrangement. Accommodations were scarce and les naturistes slept under canvas or in sleeping bags more often than on mattresses. But today this is changed. Some ten hotels are open for business and they offer their guests not only rooms but also restaurants with fine regional cooking.

The best known establishment is the Hotel La Pomme de la Adam in the center of Heliopolis. Also there is the Hotel des Arbousiers and the La Brise Marine. Prices range from $3 to $4 per day, $5 with meals inclusive. Rooms can also be rented from some of the local residents and there are several real estate agencies such as the Agence des Iles d'Or that will handle the details for you. The closest thing to a nightclub is La Carravelle operated by Paul and Denise. It's a snack bar during the day and a very gay place at night with

(Continued on page 55)



This isn't the first peek MR readers have had of lissome DD — and if won't be the last either if we have our way. This time—you'll discover—she is a crowned queen basking on an islet where her costume is quite okay with the natives of both sexes and where she had such a wonderful time that she is still saying "I WILL go back—I hope I hope!"

By
CHARLES RAYBURN







TEACHER'S PET

□ I was probably one of the last Korean War veterans to take advantage of the college provisions of the G I Bill and sometimes I felt pretty odd as I moved about the campus with the eighteen and twenty year olds who were my classmates But I didn t feel the least bit odd the night my instructor in Mans Civilization offered to help me with some special work Vanessa Harris was without doubt the loveliest female on campus and I had been admiring her from a distance ever since I d come to Western. □ After we had finished our work and she had closed the books with a businesslike snap, I looked at her and said "It's a shame." □ "What's a shame?" she asked She was wearing a pink shirtwaist dress that was considerably less tailored than the prim suit she usually wore to classes. It set off her dark hair and vivid coloring and made her look as cool and delicious as an ice cream soda She leaned across in front of me to pick up some papers and her sweet smelling nearness sent shivers of desire up my spine □ "It s a shame to see so much woman spend so much time on Man s Civilization and so little on man himself." □ She gave me a startled look and started to straighten up, but my arm went out of its own volition and pulled her down into my lap My lips found hers and she didn t resist but her mouth was cold and unresponsive for the first few seconds Then she sighed her arms went around my neck and she was returning my kisses fervently □ "Oh, why, why did you have to do that?" she asked breathlessly when I released her 'Why did you? Why couldn t you leave me well enough alone? □ "That s not very good English, teacher." I murmured moving my hand down her shoulder and along her arm to touch the taut firmness of her breast. She tried to pull away, but I held her close and kissed her again and again while I caressed the upthrust mound □ She was trembling when she finally pulled away and stood up "Please, please don t! □ 'Why not? You knew you want me to □ "Because—I—just don't, that's all" □ "So you're not an iceberg," I said, watching her closely □ "Is that what they call me?" she demanded, her voice shaking "Is that what they say about me?' □ 'Well—I have heard some talk like that, I admitted but it isn t true is it, Vanessa? You re not cold at all ' □ "Of course I m not! If I was I wouldn t have to be so careful It I didn t have this this yearning this wanting inside me I wouldn t avoid all contact with men the way I do." □ I m afraid I don t understand-' □ 'Can t you see what men would do to my career? It was hard enough to get this far because of my age and sex and attractiveness. She blushed to the roots of her hair 'I simply can t endanger my future by earning a reputation as a roundheels" □ "Who s suggesting you do a thing like that?' I asked pulling her back down into my lap □ "I doubt very much it you d ever do anything you d be ashamed of" I added running my fingers lightly down her straight back □ "Maybe not but I d have to be very sure of the man" Her eyes gazed intently into mine "I d have to be positive he wasn t just using me and then bragging about his conquest some cold night around a fraternity house fire" □ "You don t think I d talk about you do you?" I asked pulling her closer □ She considered me gravely before shaking her head "No Grant, I don t think you would □ 'Good I said and kissed her again □ "Oh Grant darling be kind to me, she whispered as we moved toward the couch "be sweet and kind and gentle ' □ "I will " I promised and I was □ Later we lay there in the dark and held hands like a couple of kids □ "I didn t know it would

(Continued on page 61)

WHAT MADE EAGER VANESSA INSIST ON HOLDING LOVE DOWN TO A HUNGRY ONE NIGHT STAND? • By DAVE DAILEY

I'LL GO MY WAY

MACE SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE COULDN'T CURE A JUNKIE WITH A BLACKJACK - By CLARK HOWARD

Joe Mace parked his car on an angle flush up against the front wall of the federal reformatory for women. He walked down to the corner and into the visitors reception house.

"Detective Joseph Mace to the rehabilitation unit," he said to the pass guard, showing his badge.

"Which section?" the guard wanted to know. Mace's police trained mind rapidly calculated how much time had elapsed since he'd arrested the girl. Three weeks and two days, he thought. She'd still be drying out, still be trying to make her body function without its daily supply of heroin.

"Hospital ward," he answered.

With the pass in his hand, he pushed through the buzzer-controlled grille door and walked along a narrow sidewalk lined with flowers. He was a tall man, lean and hard, with a pair of piercing black eyes that seemed forever to be brooding over the suffering and misery he encountered every working day as a policeman. His face reflected a deep moodiness even on this day which was not a working day at all but was his day off.

Across the corner of the visitors' yard, he entered the rehabilitation building and presented his pass to a uniformed matron.

"Which one of our debutantes are you calling on?" he was asked.

"Hudson. Janet Hudson."

The matron checked a rollex file. "She's still in narco. You want to talk to her in the ward?"

"Okay by me." Mace nodded.

He was given a new pass and followed without even looking at it a red line painted on the floor which would lead him to the narcotics ward. It was an old familiar path; one he had walked many times in the three years since his assignment to the narcotics detail.

At a desk just inside the ward entry he had his pass stamped and his time of arrival logged. "Bed number six," the ward nurse told him. Mace walked down the aisle, noting that only about one third of the two dozen beds were occupied.

He stopped in next to the sixth bed in line and looked down at the girl resting there. Her eyes were closed and Mace had an opportunity for a moment to look closely at her without her knowing it. She was a thin girl, delicate almost fragile in appearance, with fine, wispy hair cropped close at the neck and sides but still long enough in front to form several ringlets on her forehead. She was very pale from her recent withdrawal ordeal. Deep circles underlined her eyes. Her cheeks were flat, nearly hollow. But even in that unfavorable condition Mace thought her a lovely woman.



Janet Hudson opened her eyes and saw him looking down at her. Mace did not smile or in any way change the undecipherable expression he usually wore, but when he spoke his voice was softer than usual.

"Hello," he said, as if that alone were enough to explain his presence.

Janet Hudson sighed wearily. 'Look, I've already told you all I know," she said. "It you've got more questions—'

"I haven't," Mace cut in quickly.

What do you want then?" she asked.

"I was down here on another case," he lied. "Just thought I'd stop in and see how you were doing."

"I'm doing all right," she said sarcastically, "I'm doing just fine. Thanks to you, cop, I'm doing three months."

"Look," Mace said, his voice hardening, 'don't use that kind of talk with me. I've been around tough people all my life. I know a hard case when I see one, and you don't fit the bill, believe me. Coming from you it just sounds silly.'

"Oh, yeah," she retorted.

'Yeah..' he said flatly. 'Besides, talk like that doesn't become you."

'It doesn't what?" she asked.

Mace grew warm under his collar. "It, uh—doesn't become you," he repeated.

What exactly is that supposed to mean?'

It means I don't think you're that kind of a girl, underneath," he replied. "It means that behind that phony front of yours you're probably a pretty decent person. Why don't you try acting like one?"

And why don't you try minding your own damned business?" she snapped. "Nobody asked you for a sermon. Besides, since when did cops start trying to save souls?"

'Since never," Mace snapped back in disgust. 'Forget I mentioned it, okay?' He turned to leave as she started fumbling in an open pack for a cigarette. The pack was empty and she crumpled it into a ball and angrily threw it down. A little color had come into her face and Mace saw her eyes turn watery. He hesitated at the foot of the bed.

"You out of smokes?" he asked quietly.

Oh, shut up and get out, will you?" she managed to say. Mace shook his head in disgust and left the ward.

Downstairs, he went into the hospital commissary and bought her a carton of cigarettes. Tearing a sheet from his notebook..he scribbled **Don't bother to write a thank you card, tough girl.** He stuffed the paper into one end of the carton and gave it to the floor matron to be sent up to Janet Hudson.



On the way back to his car Mace ran into two officers from the alternate shift of the narcotics detail. They did not ask what he was doing there on his day off, and he did not volunteer an explanation. But he knew they wondered about it.

So let them wonder, he thought peevishly. It's my day off. If I want to waste it visiting an ungrateful no good little hophead, that's my business.

He slammed the door of his car and headed back toward the city. All during the twenty-mile drive his face was fixed in a dark frown.

At nine o'clock the following morning Mace was told that the captain wanted to see him. He walked down the hall to a door marked Herman W. Crill, Capt. Narcotics Squad. Knocking once, he entered the office.

"You make anybody on the Fenner case yet?" the captain asked.

'Not yet," Mace said puzzled. 'I would have made a report—'

I know," Crill interrupted. "I just thought there might have been a recent break you hadn't written up yet. Couple of the boys saw you down at the women's reformatory yesterday. I thought you were off duty, that's what made me think maybe something hot turned up.'

No," Mace said. "I wasn't down there on the Fenner case."

What were you working on?" Crill wanted to know.

Nothing really," Mace admitted. 'It uh—it was a personal matter.'

The captain raised his eyebrows. Oh?" He leaned back in his swivel chair and slowly, thoughtfully lighted his pipe. Silence hung in the office. The old waiting game. Mace thought. Make the suspect sweat. Okay, he knew it well enough. He waited quietly until the captain's pipe was smoking. Finally Crill leaned forward again. "This personal matter involve your job or the Department in any way?

"No, sir. I don't think so.

'I wouldn't think, Joe, if I were you. I'd know so. I'd make absolutely sure of it. Understand me?

"I understand," Mace answered.

'Okay, Joe. That's all.

'Yes, sir."

Mace went back to his desk and lighted a cigarette. The smart thing would be to drop it, he told himself. Just forget it ever happened. Forget the case, forget everything about it.

Forget the girl too

Sure, he thought, grunting audibly. Easier said than done. Hadn't he tried for three weeks to forget her? Ever since the night he arrested her, hadn't he tried to put her out of his mind?

Yes, he had.

And she had haunted his dreams every night. Even after yesterday, he had still dreamed about her last night.

He sighed heavily and crushed out his cigarette. Reluctantly he opened a folder on one of his current cases and tried to read.

On Sunday he went to see her again. She was sitting up in bed reading the comics. As he walked toward her, he thought that she looked a little embarrassed, but she managed a slight, brief smile.

"Have a cigarette," she said shyly when he got to the bed. She held an open pack up to him. Mace grinned and took one.

"Thanks." He lighted the cigarette she took for herself, then his own. "You're looking better," he said. "Feeling better?"

She nodded. "Some."

"It's a tough road back," Mace told her quietly, "but it's worth it."

Janet Hudson smiled a little again. "Another sermon?" she asked. Mace shook his head.

"No. Just common sense."

She looked closely at him for a long moment, studying the dark eyes set in his tight, serious face. He was nice looking in a way she decided. Certainly in a vastly different way from the slick haired musicians and dapper sharpies she was used to. She knew that she probably seemed as different to him as he did to her, at least as far as a personal relationship was concerned, for she seriously doubted if narcotics cops made a habit of seeing addicts socially. But this one—this Joe Mace—was obviously interested in her, and it was beginning to trouble her. She did not want to become involved with anyone again, it just didn't pay.

"Do you want to stay awhile?" she asked, indicating a chair on the opposite side of the bed.

"Thanks." Mace went around the bed and sat down.

"Do you come down here often?" she wanted to know.

"Pretty often," he nodded. Sometimes when we don't get the information we want at the time of arrest, we wait awhile and try to get it after the person is off the stuff."

"Do they ever really cure anyone here?" Janet asked.

"Sure. Sure they do. This is a great place, almost as good as Lexington. Of course you have to want to be cured. If you don't, then nothing will work."

"I don't know," she said, "all I seem to think of is getting out when my time is up and really getting high."

Mace tensed. "You can get over that," he said softly, "if you want to."

And what about people who don't want to? What about people who don't care if they shake the habit or not?"

Mace shrugged. "There's not much chance for them." He hesitated, adding, "But I don't think you're that kind of person."

"No? What makes you so sure?"

He avoided her eyes, looking down at his hands. "I just don't, that's all."

"You could be wrong," she told him.

"I could be right, too," he said.

Janet Hudson forced a smile. "Anyway," she said, "it's too soon to either of us to tell, isn't it? so why even talk about it?"

"You're right, Mace said. He leaned forward on the chair. "Look they sell box lunches downstairs at the commissary. Why don't I get us a couple and we can have a picnic."

"A picnic?" she said in doubtful surprise.

"Sure. It's Sunday the sun is shining—the grass is green and all that sort of stuff."

"But where? I mean, I can't just get up and go off somewhere. After all this is a prison—"

"Hospital," he corrected, "and you don't have to go anywhere. You don't even have to get up. We'll have a picnic right here on the bed. You can pretend there are trees all around and buds—"

"Just one bird that I can see." Janet said, nodding toward the ward matron. "She'll never stand for it."

"Wait and see." Mace winked. "You know people will be pretty nice to you if you'll give them the chance. How about it?"

"Okay," she agreed, "if you can swing it, I'm game."

"Great." He smiled widely and walked away from the bed. "Don't go away," he said over his shoulder.

Watching him go, Janet Hudson smiled too. And it was her first sincere smile for him.

Captain Crill was at his desk and another captain named Lane from the Internal Affairs bureau was sitting off to one side of the office. Joe Mace stood uneasily before the desk.

"What's your angle, Joe?" Crill wanted to know. "What are you trying to prove?"

"I already told you I don't have an angle, Captain," Mace answered quietly. "I just happen to like the girl, that's all."

"Will you for God's sake use your head, Joe," Crill said impatiently. "She's a hype. You're a cop—and a narcotics cop at that. Now just ask yourself how it looks."

"I can't help how it looks, Captain," Mace said. "Besides, she's not really a hype, not like you say it. She's just a girl that got mixed up with the wrong crowd and got hooked. This is her first fall, she was straight before this."

"She's still on the stuff, Joe," Crill retorted, "and that makes her an addict. And your association with her is out of line."

"I'm sorry, Captain," Mace said evenly, "but I can't see where it's out of line at all."

"Well, the Department thinks differently, Mace," said the captain from Internal Affairs, speaking for the first time. "Police officers aren't allowed to associate with people known to have been convicted of a crime. That's a regulation of long standing."

"Look," said Crill, "you've got some overtime coming, why don't you take a couple of days and think about it? Stay away from headquarters and stay away from the girl, go off by yourself someplace and think about it." (Continued on page 52)



Exclusive Photos by Doug Hamm

Ladder gains access to the cockpit where a pull on the wrong lever can decapitate the blinded firefighter

FROM THE ARMS OF THE DEVIL



By L. E. MacWHINNEY,
Fire Chief Naval Air Station
Monterey California
as told to Aldine James

NINE SECONDS SPELLS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SAVED LIFE OR A FIERY DEATH • A medieval alchemist once calculated the exact temperature of Hell. It's 1500 degrees fahrenheit. If the old rascal was right, the men on my aircraft crash fire fighting crew don't have anything to fear when we finally check in down below.

Hell, we walk into hotter temperatures than that at least twice a week.

There are forty three of us in the Fire Department at Monterey Naval Air Station. Some are old timers, a few are just youngsters—seventeen eighteen years old.

In the outside world they'd be considered kids. They're men now. You don't walk into the fires of Hell and stay a kid for very long.

They're part of a team. If they fall down on their job or chicken out, someone is going to die. It could be themselves, the guy next to them, me, or more likely, the pilot or someone else trapped in a burning plane. When the frantic cry of "Mayday, Mayday" or "Crash Alert" comes crackling over the air we have five seconds to get rolling. Once the plane hits the ground and the jet fuel bursts and explodes we have about nine seconds to get in [illegible] and get out again with the pilot. After that it gets so hot that even metal starts burning.

The Navy has given us the best equipment money and engineering brains can come up with. The station skipper, Captain Bill Craven, gives us the best men. From that point on it's strictly up to us to do the job. We do it. We have trucks that will accelerate from a dead stop to 60 miles an hour in seconds. Fully loaded they weigh about ten tons, but we can be doing 60 before most hot rodders can get out of first gear. In case of a wheels up landing, one of these trucks can put down 12,000 gallons of life saving foam in less than two minutes. That much foam will give us a two-inch deep carpet covering 20,000 square feet of runway.

Foam! It's the messiest damned stuff ever invented, but I'd rather give up my wife and dog than be without it. Try to imagine being hit in the face with a custard pie made of white paint, library paste, soap suds, beer foam, sheep dip and whip cream—that's what it's like. It splats when it hits, it sticks and clings to metal, wood, cement and clothes. It piles up rapidly—and thus smothers a fire and cools it down at the same time.

Aircraft crash fire fighting is a science today. It wasn't always this way. In the old days, [illegible] a fire. With a little luck, the Fire Department got there in time to keep the fire from spreading [illegible] and console the widow. Today—if a pilot can make it back to the field [illegible] he has a chance, [illegible] a good chance! If he's still alive after he plows in, he'll still be alive when we pull him out.



Photog Doug Hamm suffered first degree burns though 50 feet from fire (above) below, the final foam mop-up.



We've got nine seconds to make the rescue. After nine seconds it gets hotter than Hell — and that ain't a pun son. This is the way we work. Monterey Peninsula Airport and Monterey Naval Air Station both use the same field facilities. It isn't a big field by most standards. We get in about a dozen commercial flights each day, the main traffic comes from Navy officers attending the Naval Postgraduate School who must put in a certain number of flight hours each month. There are four runways, the longest of which is 5,000 feet.

Doesn't sound like much of an operation does it? Don't let the size fool you, though. Last year we had over 100,000 take-offs and landings. That's a hundred thousand chances for something bad to happen — a hundred thousand opportunities for my hot line to ring and me to hear the Control Tower calmly announce, "Alert One — Alert One — Alert One." That means a crash is imminent or has already taken place. On an "Alert One" complete control of the airfield is turned over to the Fire Department. No planes land — no planes take off. This is so the Fire Department, the Control Tower Operations, everyone can give them undivided attention and prayers to the guy in trouble. Sometimes when that first alert call comes in, we have no way of knowing whether we've got a single-seater (Continued on page 57)



"As a good neighbor, I must warn you that a mosquito is going to bite any second."



RESCUE PARTY

By TULSA D'NARA

I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN THAT IF I DIDN'T MAKE A SUCCESS OUT OF MY LIFE THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE PERSON I COULD BLAME . . . ME! ■ My mother and father had done the best they could for me. Mom took in washing, and Pop worked twelve hours a night—seven nights a week—cleaning up a May Company warehouse in order to put me through the University of California.

Sometimes, though, Mom would get a scared look in her eyes that made me realize she was pretty sure I was going to wind up in trouble.

And I did get into trouble. Me, George W. Martin! Me, with a master's degree in political science. Me, well liked by the professors and called a "real tribute" to my race by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Me with all that going for me — and then I have to slug a loud-mouth so hard



that he winds up in the hospital with a fractured skull. I guess another time, another place it would have been a clear cut case of self defense. But . . . It was just my luck that he was an off-duty police officer, and white.

Well, that's the way the old cookie crumbles sometimes.

I thought I had killed the man. I ran. I ran 300 miles, all the way to a little town called Lone Pine, and there with the craggy snow-covered face of Mount Whitney staring down at me like a white judge passing sentence, I ran out of gas and out of luck.

I was in the Lone Pine jail for four days. Four days to think, four days to cry dry tears, four days of a never ending, agonizing ache in my throat, four days of looking at the mountains and birds through bars.

The deputy sheriff from Los Angeles got there with the warrant about nightfall. He didn't waste any time. He handcuffed me and put me in the front seat with him. We started back toward Los Angeles—back across the Mojave Desert. The desert—it was just as dry and barren and devoid of life as my dreams and hopes for the future now.

(Continued on page 60)

HOW "THE PINK PUSSY CAT" RUBBED OFF ON KAY BENNETT



By IRVING GANE

■ It is quite likely that most of you out there in readerland have never been served a pink martini and equally likely that you aren't looking forward to the experience. But before you nod assent consider the circumstances under which we had ours.

They were proffered by a gorgeous chick with reddish brown hair and delightfully rounded exterior styling by the name of Kay Bennett. Not only were the drinks pink, but so were Kay's high-heeled pumps a ribbon in her hair and (unfortunately we had to take her word for this part) her hellish bra and panties. Not only that but the fixtures in the bathroom of her Hollywood apartment are pink and so are the towels hanging there.

This heavy use of pastel reds is not a result of any leftish political leanings on her part. It's partly the fact that she just happens to like the color but mainly results from her employment at a local nightspot called the *Pink Pussy Cat*. Kay enjoys her work there and is not blind to the publicity image involved in carrying out its theme in her personal and domestic decor.

The Pussy Cat has pink exterior walls and a pink entrance awning. And it also features some natural pink shades—such as skin pink—on its pretty young entertainers inside.

All of which takes us—perhaps just as well—away from the subject of pink martinis. In fairness to our hostess though we should return to that matter long enough to explain that they really taste just like any other martinis, once you get used to the idea. For the first sip we closed our eyes, wrinkled up our nose and took in a drop of the booze in the full expectation that it would taste like kerosene. Imagine our surprise when it not only tasted like a martini but had just the right sparse touch of vermouth.

When we noted this encouraging fact Kay said "Naturally. The pink is just vegetable dye—completely tasteless. You can use it to make pink bread, too."

"Stop already" we demanded.

"Okay" said the bumptious Miss Bennett with a giggle. Then she launched into a brief autobiography.

"I was born and raised in the wide-open dry spaces of Texas," she said "so naturally when I grew up I looked for something different. I picked Hawaii—how different can you get! At first it was great a big change and all that stuff but pretty soon I got tired of having exactly the same weather every day and hearing (Continued on page 35)


MORE MAE
PEELER
LAUGHS
Burlesque









KAY BENNETT



HOW "THE PINK PUSSY CAT" RUBBED OFF ON KAY BENNETT

(Continued from page 28) nothing but electric guitar music.

"I did pick up some valuable knowledge out there though. Everybody who goes there is practically forced to take instruction in the hula. Not only young girls but 70 year old ladies from the Golden Age Club and middle-aged males on sales conventions.

"Anyway, I studied it fairly seriously with a native girl who knew all of the meanings of the hands and everything. I had no idea then that I'd soon be wiggling my hips professionally but what I learned has really helped me. Not just the wiggling part either, although that's important. A good dancer has to move gracefully and any kind of dance training helps you with that.

"There was one funny thing about the hula lessons as I look back on that time now. If you want to be absolutely authentic you're supposed to wear nothing but the grass skirt and a sort of halter on your bosom. Actually the grass skirts are so heavy that nobody could possibly get even a glimpse through them but I always insisted on wearing panties under the skirt. I was afraid that somebody was going to get a peek at my bare bottom. The Hawaiian girls used to kid me about it all the time. Now of course a lot of people see my bare seat but I've changed my point of view so it doesn't bother me any more. I mean I wouldn't want somebody to peer in the bedroom window and see it but as long as it's part of my work it's all right.

"How did the transition take place?" we asked.

"Well," said Kay, "when I first came to L.A. I was working as a stenographer. That was the only thing I was trained for. I got tired of that pretty fast and also tired of the salary it paid.

"So one night my girl friend and I and these two fellows were out and we dropped in at the Pink Pussy Cat where I work now. I'd never even seen a strip show before and I was prepared to be quite embarrassed. I'd heard that some of these places were pretty vulgar with blowsy looking, misshapen dancers pushing 50 and all that. So I was really surprised when I turned out the show was full of really good looking girls who knew how to dance and wore beautiful costumes.

"It was sexy, of course. But there's nothing wrong with being sexy if it's done in good taste. I think it was the other girl in the party who first mentioned that I had the face and figure for the job and besides, I'd studied the hula and everything.

"Well, I brushed all this aside at the time but a couple of days later I started thinking it over. Then I met a girl (Continued on page 52)



SEX LIFE OF AN UNMARRIED WOMAN

B. F. SHELTON, EDITOR

■ For a brief history of the sex survey that MR Magazine has been conducting for the past several years, and for an explanation of our accomplishments and purposes, please see the box on page 38.

In this issue we are focussing upon the life of one unmarried woman as reported by her "uncle," A.T., who has known her since childhood. He wonders, among other things, whether her way of life and combination of activities and talents may be unique. He is a widower, and this is what he has to say:

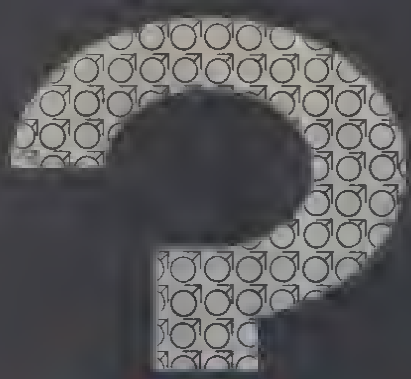
"I am a lawyer," writes A.T., "49, a widower and live in Ohio. My firm has acted in domestic cases, and I have heard of others, in which brothers swapped wives and vice-versa as described in your 'Twin Sisters' report. A fairly common situation is a husband who teams up with a sister-in-law—almost always a younger woman than his wife—and these two enlist their spouses in a swap arrangement. The uncle-and-niece relation is also familiar, much more so than avuncular and nephew.

"I know nothing about swapping by large groups and what follows has nothing to do with that subject. But it does bear on your general theme of sexual behavior in the U.S. This is about one woman, and I have wondered whether she is unique or if there are others or many like her.

"I grew up and was educated in an Eastern state where my closest friend was an older schoolmate. He married and, at the time I moved to the Middle West, he had a daughter in her middle teens—a chubby, strawberry blonde with a few freckles, rather serious, intelligent and polite. I was closer to her father than anyone else and by courtesy was a young 'uncle.' I'll call her Kit.

"Her father and I kept in touch by mail, but our paths never crossed. Two years ago he died and I went to the funeral. Kit was dressed in black. She was always fairly tall, but now no longer chubby. As I was leaving I expressed my sympathy again, offered any assistance I might give her, and she said, 'You know I am in (a large metropolis). If you are there sometime I wish you'd call me. I'm in the book.'

"On the next trip I did call and she invited me to drop in at 6. Her apartment struck me as quite luxurious. We had a couple of drinks and she told me she was with a service that found specialized personnel (law and medical secretaries and librarians, research people, administrative aides—all women—



MR'S EXCLUSIVE SURVEY OF AMERICAN MORALS

and private school heads and teachers). I took her out to dinner and had a most pleasant time. I was much impressed by the marked change in her appearance. She said she heard my wife had died, and sympathized. As I was leaving she said, 'call again the next time you are here,' and kissed me.

"Two months later I was East and called. She said, 'Let's have something to eat at my place.' So I showed up at 6. She was in a sort of housecoat with something underneath and was busy in the kitchen. She gave me a drink and said, 'I'm a pretty good short-order cook,' and she was

"She didn't pass dishes across the table but walked around beside me. She wore a light perfume but I was aware of a heady fragrance that was her own. As she came around to pour a second cup of coffee she put her left hand across the back of my chair and somehow I found my head against the side of her left breast. It was a reflex to put my right arm around her waist. When she put the coffee pot down she ruffled my hair and turned my face up and gave me a long warm kiss.

"That was the beginning. As I left I said, 'I'd like to give you a present, Kit, but I never know what to give a woman. If you are going shopping tomorrow, would you buy yourself something with this, as a remembrance of a lovely evening' and I folded five $20 bills under a jade Buddha at the door. A strange smile crossed her face as she kissed me good night.

"Back of my hotel at midnight I tried to put the pieces together. The elegance of her four room apartment; a hi fi rig exactly like one that had cost me $1,100, small paintings by name artists, furniture not in sets by lovely separate pieces; fine glass and jade and a big beautiful rug. And there was her performance in bed—that of a skilled courtesan. And her extraordinary body—firm breasts, narrow waist and slim hips with full-fleshed thighs.

"But, curiously, the finishing touch was that her body below the neck was not only devoid of any hair but that there was no sign of any hair root. I am not unworldly, and began to think I knew the score. I knew what Kit was. The one piece that eluded me was her smile at parting.

"I was East again a month later and called Kit. We ate of her place and went to bed. By then she knew that I knew. In those moments of truth after making love she began to unfold her story.

"At a girls' school of home she hadn't thought a lot about sex, but there were two men's colleges within ten miles, and

MR'S EXCLUSIVE SURVEY OF AMERICAN MORALS

Continued

When Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior of the Human Male" appeared over a decade ago the date of sexual reticence burst. As one New York reviewer put it at the time, "We may hate to face the facts, but two things seem evident—sexual habits are not static but in a process of change; and actual sexual conduct goes far beyond that sanctioned by law and theology."

Americans today seem conditioned to "facing the facts" as matter how unpleasant and disturbing. The last Kinsey work on women and abortion was first published in McCall's—tagged then as "The Magazine of Togetherness."

MR Magazine first entered the ranks of the "sex surveyors" with a single short article that related the true experiences of one man and one woman. The response of readers to this article was remarkable—and entirely unexpected—in its volume, variety and interest.

It was then the thought occurred to us that we might have hold of a real research tool. Kinsey's interview method was time-consuming and expensive. Did we have a new source of information, not available to him, which might give valid findings?

We continued to publish reports from readers as they came in. We gave the series no promotion, and while the circulation of the magazine remained constant the volume of letters grew steadily.

Then we chanced to tell a friend of ours, a statistician specializing in sampling methods for industry. His opinion was that we had definitely stumbled onto a new and valuable sampling method.

By now our files were bulging with reports, particularly from the numerous "wife swapping" clubs around the country to which we had directed several early articles. So we contacted the Institute for Sex Research, the organization founded by the late Doctor Kinsey and turned our material over to the present director. "The Institute for Sex Research," he wrote us later, "appreciates the generosity of the Whitnet Publishing Corporation in making available, for scientific purposes, material of definite research value."

With that encouragement, we have continued publishing reports from around the country as they have come to us, including a number on the "swap clubs" which appear to have developed to a large extent during the past twenty years since Kinsey did his basic research.

Our Survey however is in no sense limited to the clubs. Many areas of American love life are included, as regular followers of this department are aware.

Whatever the subject, we attempt, like Kinsey, to be objective and factual in our reporting. The timid reader may sometimes be upset but anyone seeking all-out thrills will be equally disappointed. The reader who is seriously interested in the facts of life in our changing world will, we believe, be rewarded.

It was at a time when heavy petting was what everyone did. She liked boys and wasn't repelled by them and their advances. She was taking a pre-medic major with a lot of biology and another major in education. While she didn't want to be known as a pushover, she let three or four 'nice boys' have their way, and it was then she discovered she had no particular feeling about sex, and eventually, that her clitoris was wholly insensitive. So she pretended to be passionate, without feeling anything, and meanwhile had learned enough about her body not to get into 'trouble.'

"On her first job in the big city, her firm (the one she is still with) was returned to find research personnel for a foundation. She had a lot to do with the foundation director, who immediately took a warm personal interest in her. He asked her to dinner several times, and finally she invited him to her apartment—a much smaller one than her present place. And since she had been through it all before, and it didn't seem to mean a great deal, she had gone to bed with him. She said, 'The reason I smiled the other night as you were leaving was that you said almost word for word what he said when he left me my first 'remembrance.'

"He had been with her five or six times when he called her one day and asked if she would care to have dinner with and entertain a good friend from the West. She said okay. And that involved the same $100 remembrance. Then there were four others, all introduced by her foundation friend—none of them but him living in the East.

"'In time,' she said, 'it spread out, like a chain letter, and these were professional people, lawyers, doctors—half a dozen doctors!—two architect-engineers, a western mayor, a city planner, a millionaire promotor of sports. All sorts of really nice people. They don't call me by phone. They drop me a card inside an envelope by mail, with 'May 8, 9, 10' on it, and one initial. I send a card back, 'May 8' or whatever, with an initial. I don't like calls through a switchboard at the office, or even here.'

"I asked what all her men added up to. Kit said, 'Well, over the years I suppose there have been about 75. But the most in one year—two years ago—was 41. Some only dropped

in once in the year or two or three times, but a lot of them were here much oftener than that. The thing became a second business. Two or three men would be in town for three or four days apiece and it was a job just putting a schedule together. So last year when there were some dropouts I wouldn't take on a new guest. I got it down to 33. And even that can be involved, with a double-header on Saturday or Sunday—my only days off.'

"Dropouts? 'Oh, sure, some who are single get married, some go overseas. Some drift away to other girls—let's face it, younger girls. And some of them, I drop. I had an older guest who turned out to have a thing about 15-year-old girls and finally got around to more or less sounding me out on finding him one. I said, 'I'm not a 15-year-old girl,' and sent him on his way. He never called again.'

"All this worried me about Kit, and some visits later I mentioned the schoolteacher who came to New York and became a call girl and made a mess of her life and wrote a book about it. Kit said, 'She made every possible mistake. She was a party girl in Chicago. She chummed with pros and drank with them. That's a mistake. Never confide in another woman. Then she went to New York and walked right into a call house run by a madam who was a lush, and right away she was a police character. Then she was all over town taking on men wholesale and knocking on doors in hotels and running naked up and down halls. Someone could have killed her. The police caught up with her again and her face was in the papers. And all through it she was a sentimental slob about the people who were destroying her. What a fool a woman can be!'

"These are all parts of night conversations with Kit in the last 18 months, in no particular order.

'Does Kit call herself frigid? Not at all. I like men. A frigid woman is one who hates the whole thing. She may put on a big show but she loathes it. I have heard it said that the larger women are that way. And I'm a big girl, but I don't think it's so. A really big woman might be self-conscious about her size and maybe that would interfere. Frigidity isn't physical really, it must be something deep in the mind because psychiatrists seem to be able to clear it up.'

"Is drinking a problem? 'I wouldn't allow it. I have a little scotch and bourbon around and good sherry. Anyway, a man can get a drink anywhere. That isn't what they are here for. Last year a guest came here and got into this room before I realized he was absolutely stoned. So I gave him a drink and a capsule of that amytol-something and put him to bed. He was in a fog in the morning. Wanted to give me money. I said no, and don't ever come here again. But it came to me this might backfire, so I said, 'never when you are tight.' He has been back many times, but always cold sober.'

"What about normal sex and other kinds? 'Well, what is normal? If you mean straight sex, that isn't so usual any more. A doctor friend told me it began to change after the first world war. And certainly Kinsey found that out. Most of my guests like it that way, not the regular thing. And I'm just as satisfied. There is no wear and tear—no panting and thrashing around—no pregnancies. Regular sex is over fast but this builds up for a man until they go wild. Would you believe it, sometimes they faint. I guess I know more about male anatomy than a lot of women and since I don't get a whole lot of feeling out of sex, I can just think about giving a man an exciting time.'

"She was sitting by a window as she talked and pointed to a building across the street. 'There are 120 apartments over there and they don't allow children. But the people I see going in and out are of an age to have families. Do you think they go out in the middle of the night and buy contraceptives? Of course not. They can do without them and be safe and it won't cost a cent.'

"Kit always refers to her men as guests or visitors or friends, not as clients and never as tricks. She never was a party girl and doesn't regard herself as a call girl because she 'never called on anyone,' never went out of her apartment for a man. I once used the expression 'the life' and she was upset said it was only used by girls on the town. It was interesting that self-respect always seemed to weigh in her thinking about herself.

"Remembering her plump teen-age figure I asked her about the remarkable improvement. 'I looked like a pig, and my roommate at school—a phys ed (Continued on page 54)

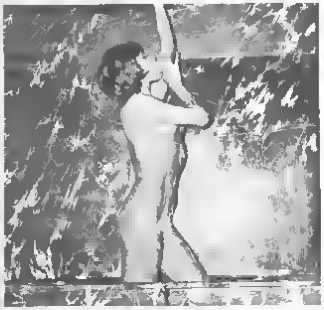
by TONY CAMILLO



Liz Counsell auditions for role in new Bond movie Thunderball



Deadly sin Pride (below) in Paris show



Another sin Gluttony danced by Sophia at the Crazy Horse



Hands Down the latest in French design

WILD WILD WORLD

NOSY SNOOPER NEWS COLLECTED FROM NEARBY AND FAR OUT - By TONY CAMILLO

THEY DO MORE THAN CURSE the weatherman when he goofs in Formose Kenneth Cheng, director of the weather bureau there was brought to trial recently on charges of dereliction of duty in connection with Typhoon Gloria in September 1963. Cheng had predicted on the day before the storm struck that I would miss the island. Instead it abruptly changed course and headed straight in killing 200 people. Cheng was finally acquitted. The court ruling that conditions during the data available to him his prediction was justified even though it turned out to be incorrect.

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO END to wild variations of the female wardrobe. Paris designer Jacques Esterel has come up with a new bathing suit called Hands Down. The top looks like a pair of hands covering the girl's breasts from behind. Then there's the bra holster being introduced in Johannesburg, South Africa. The gun fits into a slot on the side of the bra. A lady in trouble is supposed to reach in through her decolletage and whip out the weapon. Another female protective device marketed some time ago in our own country has been ruled illegal in New York City. That would be the aerosol spray that's supposed to temporarily blind or otherwise immobilize an attacker. The city says the can is more likely to be seized by the criminal and used to make the victim helpless.

THE GIRL PRESS AGENT for rock and roll favorite Ricky Cole invited a raft of teenaged girls to a special afternoon performance at the Living Room in Manhattan. She was hoping they'd cry and shriek and roll around on the floor, thereby bringing cops, photographers and reporters—resulting in heap big publicity. As it turned out, the girls, though they enjoyed the show, behaved like perfect young ladies. Asked to account for this strange decorousness, one 16-year-old said: "Well, I don't know about the other girls, but I'm wearing my mother's Russian sable coat and she'd beat hell out of me if anything happened to it."

OLVA DIANA ELORIDGE who ran a call girl ring in Vancouver, Canada took the matter to court when the government refused to allow certain business deductions on her tax returns. The lady saved about $11,000 when the Burnaby court ruled that it was okay for her to deduct fees paid to miscellaneous who protected the girls, lawyers' charges for defending arrested girls in court and certain other expenses. Disallowed was a sum of $16,000 she said she had paid to police to leave her checks alone and $4,600 for weekly shipments of booze to city officials for the same purpose.

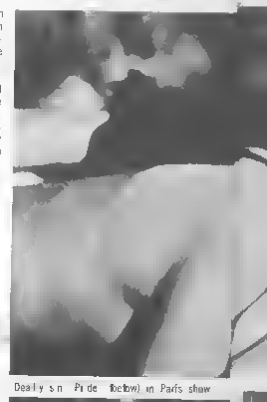
NOT ALL THE RICH CHAPS in the country are as well known as the Rockefellers, the Kennedys, the du Ponts and the various Texas oil magnates. For example, we'll wager that most readers have never heard of Sherman M. Fairchild. He happens to be by far the biggest stockholder in IBM. According to the latest company report, Fairchild holds 167,850 shares. The last time we looked, that had a market value slightly in excess of $79,000,000. Of course, IBM is just a sideline with Fairchild. He's also chairman of the executive committee of the Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corp.

A STRIP JOINT IN LONDON has a big neon sign that reads like this:

This
Is
The
Show

The first letter in each line is larger than the others and outlined in a different color to make it stand out.

WHEN JEAN COCTEAU the great French poet, playwright and artist died last November, the West German government was quick to rush off a telegram of condolence over the signature of President Heinrich Lubke. It began: "Madame Cocteau. Santo Sospir. St. Jean Cap Ferrat. On the occasion of the death of your most distinguished husband . . ." What the Bonn official who sent the wire didn't realize was that Cocteau not only never married but was almost as famous for his homosexuality as for his artistic achievements.



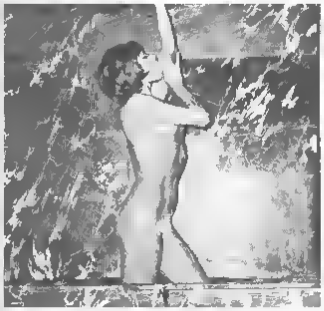
Deadly sin Pride (below) in Paris show



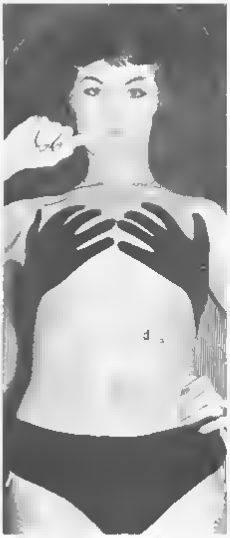
Another



Liz Couse l auditions for role in new Bond movie Thunde ball



Another s n Gluttony danced by Sophia at the Crazy Horse



Hands Down the latest n French design.

IT WAS A QUIZ PROGRAM in Dusseldorf, Germany. The format called for sending in the answer to a question on a postcard. All the correct answers would be thrown into a basket, then one drawn to pick the winner, who would be called on the phone by the MC while the show was on the air. One night a call was made, a girl's voice answered and the MC asked, "Is Johanna there?" The voice said no she didn't work there any more. She'd moved to Vienna. "What did she do there?" the showman asked. There was abundant feminine giggling then the comment: "What a silly question." Finally someone else shouted into the phone, "This is a brothel, you know."

Undaunted, the show's producers located Johanna in Vienna and gave her the prize.

DR. HENRI AMOROSO, who created a sensation in Paris a couple of years ago by publishing a soil of French Kinsey report, has done it again by bringing out a book called "The Seven Capital Sins, as Seen by a Psychiatrist." The book has become so popular that Le Crazy Horse Saloon, the popular Parisian strip joint, built a whole show around it. Seven different strippers each do a number based on one of the sins.

(Continued on page 51)

THE DISORGANI

NIZATION MAN

PROVING HOW BACHELORS—IN MOST AMERICAN INDUSTRY—ARE AN ABUSED AND GENERALLY DOWNTRODDEN AND UNDERPRIVILEGED MINORITY • By BRUCE COOK

■ Having only recently dropped from the great corporate vomb and down the joy chute to freedom, I feel moved to pass on to the rest of you a few observations on life in that great crystal palace which is the modern American corporation.

I am a bachelor. So what? Many of you who read this can also claim that distinction. But mine is a special case: a bachelor who worked for three years in the home office of a large corporation whose slogan is as familiar to the American public as the first six words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. After all, there are really very few of us corporate bachelors around—each of us is, in a sense, a special case.

If it wished, the American Management Association could probably dish up a survey which would prove that there are literally hundreds of thousands of unmarried men happily working for major corporations today. Could be. But in anticipation of this move, I have already laid the foundation for a rebuttal based on definition of terms and on personal experience.

1) DEFINITION. What is a bachelor? He's not just an unmarried man, although that is the minimum basic requirement, of course. And he's not just an unmarried man over the age of, say, 30. Age has little or nothing to do with it. A bachelor, it seems to me, is a man who has made a decision. He is a man who, sometime (early or late) after reaching his majority, has looked around him, and noticed that he isn't married. And having noticed, he has decided he likes it that way. He prefers the unmarried state because of the mobility and independence it gives him, and because he feels that he can get along permanently with no one woman as well as he can get along with himself. Such a decision is obviously a personal one, but like most personal decisions it has limitless social effects.

2) PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.—If there are hundreds of thousands of unmarried men in big business today, there were only a few bachelors on my own little corporate island. There were nine of us out of about 500 men when I began there three years ago, but when I left there were only four. The others had been driven away—as I was finally myself—by rank prejudice and hundreds of indignities and injustices born of that prejudice.

I didn't mind when the personnel interviewer averred that because I was 30 and unmarried I might prove "unstable." I laughed it off when my stuffy boss in the public relations department whispered that my new red Alfa Veloce was "perhaps unsuitable" as an ornament to the company parking lot. (Even the chairman of the board drives a demure Ford!) But when that same boss and my co-workers joined in a diligent campaign to get me married or get me out, I took the only honorable course: I got out!

The bachelor is the second-class citizen of the business world. And like the members of all other minority groups he faces a big hurdle in the beginning—just getting hired. He is discriminated against by personnel departments to the extent that it is roughly twice as hard for him to land a good job with a major corporation as it would be for his typical married equivalent.

The Organization Man rules American business today. Some social critics—even a few businessmen—may lament this, but no one disputes it. Who is the Organization Man? What is he? Nothing more than a profile drawn from a mass of intimidating statistics. You can fill in the details yourself, but the outline runs something like this: He is between 30 and 50 with a wife about two years



"But I'm not selling, ma'am—I'm buying."

younger than he. He has at least two but no more than four children. He lives with his family in a suburban home with a large, though not overwhelming mortgage. He commutes to work in a Ford, Plymouth or Chevrolet (not quite good for) to his middle-management job in the Corporation.

Does this sound like you? Not if you're a bachelor. I doesn't!

The point is simply this: It's the Organization Men who are doing the hiring and it's the Organization Men who are being hired. Now I have no personal prejudice against married men—some of the best and most talented men I know (my own father, for example) would fit painlessly the specifications I've just laid out. But when types are hired instead of individuals, a certain mediocrity is inevitable.

The Corporation's personnel department has a large inventory of ploys and stratagems which they use to discourage unmanned job applicants. First and simplest of these is the ordinary job interview. In its simplest forms the bachelor can expect tasteless questions and blunt statements regarding his state from the interviewer. A friend of mine at the Corporation was asked point-blank by a fuzz-faced 23-year-old personnel man just when he thought he'd settle down and get married. "After all," said the interviewer, "you're 32. Don't you think it's about time?"

My friend who had no intention of "settling down" either then or now smiled blandly at the young man and told him that he was engaged to a wonderful girl and was anxious for the security of a substantial position with a good firm so that he might set the wedding date and get on with his married life. It was his standard reply to such nosy queries. In this case it worked just fine—he got the job. There was only the moderate embarrassment of later informing the personnel man (who really did ask!) that his wonderful girl had left him for a millionaire.

The more complex interviews may be less awkward for the bachelor, but their results are less predictable. These "interviews in depth" are, in fact, tests given by persons with some credentials in psychology. But of course credentials are no guarantee of competence. Although one merchandising firm I know of retains a recognized analyst for these special sessions, more often than not they are administered by personnel men (or women) who may possess a B.S. in Psychology. They often include the familiar word association and ink blot tests, but the more ambitious interviews call for the analysand to lie back and tell all to the doctor.

New word association/ink blots and couch sessions are okay, I guess, but they put the awful burden of interpretation solely on the tester. A bachelor buddy of mine flunked one of these depth interviews and later found out through the hush-hushed personnel grapevine that it was because his interviewer indicated a certain latent homosexuality." Now this guy, let me tell you boys, is about as homosexual as Brigham Young. He was understandably upset until he heard from the same grapevine source that the man who gave the interview was himself a real three dollar bill who decked himself out in drag every weekend in his interpretations he tended (perhaps hopefully) to project.

I think God was not submitted to the depth interview ordeal. No. I simply listened as the boy wonder of the personnel department told me "You know we frequently have difficulty with unmarried men in your age bracket." He meant bachelors. We find that they lack stability.

Well, what was I supposed to say to that? The first thing that popped into my head: I assume you have a psychological test that you give to applicants?"

He assured me that they had a whole battery of them.

"Well, I said, why not let the results of those tests speak for me? If I lack stability it's bound to show up there, isn't it?"

Of course I had him there—for if there's one thing the personnel department of any corporation prides itself on it's the efficacy of its tests. Because I pulled a D in Psychology I in college, and because I had read the appendix on test-taking in The Organization Man, I had no difficulty documenting my stability. I was told later that I had done remarkably well. Was I utterly absolutely and completely honest in all my answers to the silly questions? Well . . .

There was probably only one man in the Corporation who surpassed my profile for pure adjustedness—and he was a bachelor, too. Call him Fred Wheeler. When Fred applied for his position as assistant director of the Corporation's accounting section he happened to be going with a fine and competent young lady with a graduate degree in psychology. Since the test was one of the take-home variety, he took it home to her.

"What qualities shall I give you?" she asked him.

"Make me trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent."

She did just that, and Fred set the personnel department on its collective ear when he brought in the completed test. The trouble was that after a year or so when he felt secure in his position he let his co-workers in the accounting section in on the gag. They, of course, were delighted—so delighted that they circulated the story and it eventually reached the personnel department. Fred was approached by the personnel manager himself and politely requested to retake the test under supervision. Fred, feeling that he could stand on his excellent record just as politely refused. He was surprised, but not disappointed, when he was asked to leave.

Perhaps this is what they mean when they say that a bachelor lacks stability. The personnel boys claim that



"But I'm not selling, ma'am—I'm buying."

they've got. The stairsteps to prove it. This may seem to management a good and substantial reason for denying employment to the bachelor. He lacks stability." In the mind of top management this conjures up images of a shaky character balancing precariously between sanity and insanity or a profligate spinal lossopl who may on a moment's notice, jump off on a lost fortnight or again...a galloping phallus bent on impregnating the entire female office staff.

But as Fred Wheeler sad to me on his last day there at the Corporation "Bachelors are accused of instability simply because they'll quit in a situation where married men would knuckle under and take it." Amen brother! Personnel department rationales know that to say that a man lacks stability means simply that he is not solidly beneath the thumb of the great Corporation. Instability in this case equals mobility. If he doesn't like what's being done for (or to) him the bachelor can simply look elsewhere for a better deal. And the Corporation doesn't like this. It's liking it less and less every day.

In spite of my unspecified instability I got the job—a good one—as a writer in the public relations department. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of personnel departments...a few bachelors are hired by corporations every year. Like the members of most other minority groups the bachelor must be twice as talented as his compellion to get the job in the first place so once hired the work itself will give him little trouble. Contrary to predictions he will perform competently and consistentonsly for the Corporation. (I know I did.) But still, discrimination will continue in a thousand subtle and not-so subtle ways.

Whenever I came in a few minutes late or even a bit soggy eyed it was assumed out loud by my married fellows that I had been out wenching and/or drinking the whole night through. Comments ranged from the clever ("What's the matter boy? Wouldn't she let you go?") to the snobtle ("Hey! You look like you're still half crocked!") Even if there were some truth in their conclusions they needn't be as automatic as all that!

Such cracks only emphasize the social distance between the bachelor and the married man. He works with the execs, I think as a result of a certain sexual envy harbored by most husbands. They feel that I only they were single again they'd show Mrs. maverick unmarried type how to live the sweet life. And although they may think they could do better they are usually deeply embarrassingly interested in how well he is doing.

Unless the bachelor keeps his private life absolutely private he is likely to be submitted to a rigorous cross examination to uncover the physical details and personal history of every female with whom he keeps company.

"What about Mrs. Marran? Is she pretty well stacked? I mean would you say she was C-cup?"

"You say she's a model—well does she ever pose—you know—in the nude?"

Early in my employ at the Corporation, I made the mistake of doubling on a theater date with a fellow PR writer and his wife. My companion for the evening was a friend on old girl buddy I had known since college days. She was first embarrassed, then made miserable by the excessive attentions of my married co-worker. He was sure she was a real femme fatale (which in fact she wasn't), and he savored her every nuance and remark as a delightfully ribald experience. All this while his wife looked on in helpless shame. We parted company with them early. And as soon as they were out of earshot, my lady friend's first remark was "Say what kind of creeps do you work with, anyway?" What kind indeed!

And of course there are the dinner parties thrown by the boss. Even if the bachelor gets invited (and nine times out of ten his fifth wheel status will prevent that) there's the question of his companion. If he stags it will JD's buck toothed, google-eyed niece be thrust upon him? If he takes a young lady of his own choosing then which shall he choose? Is Genevieve too obviously sexy? Is Joanna too aloof? Is Roslyn too intellectual? Is Meg too hip?

A friend of mine Steve was director of specialty sales at a certain corporation in Chicago though unmarried, he had attained his position because of his hard work and undeniable talent in sales management. He was the president's favorite hatchet-man, so of course he was invited to the New Years costume party given by the vice president in charge of sales.

Steve asked a stunning onyx haired miss of his acquaintance and the two decided to make it as Antony and Cleopatra in suitable attire. When she emerged from her hotel room that New Years Eve the vice president in charge of sales was utterly breathless. (Only the rhinestone in his navel saved her from immodesty.) The VP found increasingly difficult to keep his eyes—and hands—off Steve's young lady as the evening wore on. Finally after endowing gabriel at first punch, she gave the vice president a slap in the face in full view of the party and called him a dirty old man.

Steve who secretly shared this opinion of his chief stalwartly refused to apologize for the young lady's conduct and resigned with the honor intact. The singer here is that Antony and Cleopatra were blown closer together by this wind of adversity and were married not so long ago. Steve is doing just fine, thank you as an independent sales consultant.

As for daring the Corporation office girls, most bachelors wouldn't and shouldn't. I've always made it a rule not to. Whatever fleeting joy you gain from a relationship of this sort will never compensate for the chagrin you feel when your interest wanes in the office girl, or for the leers thrown at you by her sympathetic girlfriends. Besides, when you take out the best looking secretary in the department, you're competing with the fantasies of all the married men around you. Though they'll be terribly interested in how you two hit it off, you can be sure that after they brood about it a bit, they won't like you keeping company with their girl.

Most of my fellow bachelors have made no hard and fast rules about office dating—they're simply not interested. I asked one of the Corporation bachelors about this, and he told me "Just as we have Organization Men here, we have Organization Women, too. There's an awful sameness to the backgrounds and personalities of these girls here. They're mediocre—no matter how good they look. They just don't meet my standards." And even the office girls have reservations about bachelors. One of them told me that she preferred to confine her "innocent flirting" to the married men in the Corporation. When I asked her why, she told me quite frankly "They're safer."

There are such enormous and obvious pitfalls for the bachelor that he may as well reject the social route for advancement. And it's a long and important road that is closed to him. The only shortcut to the top that's open to the bachelor is office politics. Here his vaunted instability (mobility) is likely to offer him an advantage. Because he has fewer personal ties for his security the bachelor can be more reckless and ruthless in that Machiavellian game where these qualities give their possessor a distinct edge.

But few of us bachelors do the Machiavellian bit with ease. Actually, I think that as a group we tend to be fairer and less devious than our married counterparts. If the social path to business success is closed to the bachelor, and he has little taste for office politics, he will find advancement in the Corporation uncommonly difficult.

Some companies have hard and fast (though unwritten) rules stipulating that men in top management positions must be married. A well known accounting firm—one might say the known accounting firm—has just such a bylaw. More often than not, however, opposition rises so well damned though just as strong. Promotions, for instance are often made on the basis of "maturity." Now maturity like stability is an evasive quality at best. Since so many bosses set great store by appearances maturity is likely to be gauged by the number of gray hairs on a man's head. And married men with their children mortgages and unpaid bills have a distinct edge in the gray hair department.

Promotions and even pay raises are likely to be awarded to married men over bachelors on a simple "need" basis. ("Let's give Charlie the raise this quarter—he's got three kids. Jack's a bachelor—he doesn't need the money.") Like hell.

(Continued on page 52)



Marianne Linz

Her most scary experience says Marianne was the time her brakes failed when she was driving an old MG sports car She coasted to the top of a hill then had to turn off into a field and a stand of bushes to stop the car I thought I'd had it—and me so young Her biggest thrill was falling in love at first sight with her swimming instructor (I fell out later—but it was great while it lasted) She was hungriest as a girl scout on a hike when the lunch wagon never showed up thirstiest on a Fire Island beach and happiest the day she landed both a new job and a dinner date with a guy she'd feared would never ask











WILD WILD WORLD

(Continued from page 41)

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL in Newton, Mass., has been carrying on a veritable crusade against what he considers improper grooming and dress among the students. He has warned or suspended dozens of kids for violating his strictures against duck's ass haircuts, slacks for girls, shorts, tee shirts and short skirts, among other evils. The principal's name: Hewey Tweedy.

BROTHER TWEEDY would have his work cut out for him in England. Some of the new fashions for teenagers over there feature skirts that stop as much as seven inches above the knee.

GERMAN PARENTS have expressed mixed feelings about an odd system of corporal punishment set up by a teacher in the Ailekinder Primary School in Wuppertal. Under this method, girls aged 10 to 15 who misbehave are "treated" before a kangaroo court consisting of boy classmates in the same age group. Convicted on charges a sentence of so many smacks on the bottom with a piece of rubber tubing, nearly two inches thick. For minor offenses the levy might be only one swat. For major ones it runs as high as 100. The lickings are given in a remote room far from the center of the school in order not to disturb classes; some of the girls who get stiff sentences are screaming at the top of their voices before the punishment is over.

"When the previously secret practice became known to parents, some were indignant but a majority seemed to approve. I have confidence in the schools," said the mother of a 12-year-old girl. "I know they wouldn't injure my daughter. I am told that she got eight lashes once and six another time. I don't doubt that she deserved them. But another woman had this to say of her 15-year-old daughter: "I don't want anyone hitting her with a whip. If she's naughty they should report it to me. I'll take her over my knee, lift her skirts, take down her pantries and spank her bare bottom with my palm. Believe me, that will hurt plenty."

THE WAY JAMES BOND bets his heroines around in those swinging movies, it might seem that there would be a dearth of actresses applying for the parts. Far from it. Nine girls from seven countries flew to London in the eager competition to be cast in the forthcoming Bond epic, Thunderball. One of the most fetching contestants was England's own Elizabeth Cousell, who did a remarkable nude scene by way of audition.

THE COLLEGE STUDENTS who flock to Bermuda during school holidays have gone the Kennedys one better. Instead of touch football, they play collegiate tackle on the beaches.



Barbara Nell models English track design for hook teenage crowd



Tackle anyone? U.S. students having a specialty workout on a Bermuda beach

PINK PUSSYCAT

(Continued from page 35)

who knew another girl who was already working at the Pink Pussy Cat. She told me about the work and how much it paid. I don't want to say how much that is, except that it's a lot more than even the best stenographers make. Of course that wouldn't have made me take the job if I hadn't become convinced that it was okay otherwise. The girl who was already a stripper pointed out to me that the movies are little more than those days and half the restaurants on the Coast have waitresses in topless bathing suits frantically touching the customers. It's part of the times, let's face it, she said.

So I finally decided to try it, and then came the really hard parts. First there was learning the standard routines and thinking up ideas for costumes and little personal touches that would make me an individual performer.

At first it was embarrassing just to practice at home. There's this one thing I've got, a lot of girls use, where you bend over from the waist with your back to the audience and then reach back and slowly peel your pantyhose down. I was really petrified at the thought of having my bottom sticking up in the air like the full moon. But I had to bump myself to do it. After all, the tease is the big part of striptease. The girl just came out on the stage and took off her clothes, like she was at home, she act would get pretty boring. It has to be provocative.

Anyway, I finally learned how to do it, and then the next big trauma was doing it onstage for the first time. That night I'm afraid my knees were shaking more than the parts of me that were supposed to be. But the customers seemed to like it, and I liked their applause, and pretty soon most of the embarrassment was gone. I still feel a touch of it when I go on, and I think that's all to the good. If a stripper is too casual, the customers don't like it as well. If there's a hint that the girl is slightly hesitant about showing her body the audience enjoys seeing it that much more. At least it seems that way to me."

We asked Kay what she liked about the job besides the money and the satisfaction of being a skilled performer.

"The costumes, for one thing," she said. "I love fancy things. In one number I wear a very luxurious black leather corselet. It's just beautiful, and it's something a girl would never wear offstage in this day and age.

"Then there are my fans. I get a lot of mail from people who enjoy my act. Not just the men, but their wives and girl friends, too.

"Of course, there's a little trickle of mail that isn't pleasant, but I don't even finish reading that most of the time. There was one letter a month or so ago that was sort of funny. It was from two middle-aged ladies who had seen my act and thought I was very naughty indeed. In fact I was a shameless hussy, and if I belonged to either of them she would take me over her knee and give me a good spanking. Imagine that! They go to a strip club and then they're indignant because there's a striptease. What did they expect, a Beethoven concert?

And they want to spank a big girl like me? I've got news for them. The last time I got spanked was when I was about 14, and I intend to have that be the last time ever. Just because I show my bare seat on stage that doesn't mean somebody can smack it with a hairbrush!"

THE END

DISORGANIZATION MAN

(Continued from page 45)

Jack doesn't!) Whether they will own up to it or not, most managers follow the old Communist dictum at paytime. "To each according to his need" and from each according to his ability."

All right. From the raise I've presented, you'll grant that bachelors are receiving less than a fair wiggle from the great corporate hand. This in itself is unfair and disturbing. But it is also a bit foolish. For in rejecting, hamstringing and generally discriminating against the bachelor the Corporation does more harm to itself than to him.

In choosing the Organization Man over the bachelor, the corporation is opting for loyalty over initiative. A corporation without bachelors is one with no devil's advocate; to question hallowed traditions and favored policies it is one without anger, and one with no management gamblers ready to take a chance on a new course or plan even when success is not absolutely guaranteed.

No adventure—just security.

No growth but stasis.

THE END

DEAR MR.

(Continued from page 7)

ruler from my desk and continued to spank his legs.

I was very excited when he finally told me to stop but I knew I must stop then or not be able to hide my pleasure. After the spanking was over, I noticed that his calves were quite red and that he had tears in his eyes. He thanked me, and said he would feel better in the morning. As we dressed the next morning I saw that his legs were only slightly pink so I must not have hurt him too badly.

Just thinking about spanking his legs excited me for the next week or two and yet I was afraid of this new hobby. Two nights ago my roommate told me something he had done wrong, and asked me if I would spank him again. Trying not to show my excitement I told him I would. This time, after he got on the bed, he lowered his pajamas down to his ankles. I spanked his bare buttocks as well as his legs with my ruler until I thought I would burst with excitement.

I don't really believe my roommate relates these spankings to sex in any way, but I am secretly anticipating my next opportunity to use a new source of enjoyment.

J. F., Missouri

Dear P.K. and J.F.—Thank you both for your clear and careful reports. As we have said before, there appears to be a wide range of interest in the whole area of corporal discipline and spankings which many readers have been detailing in the light of their own particular experiences. Our files are growing with what we believe is becoming a unique and valuable accumulation of sociological data.

THE END

I'LL GO MY WAY

(Continued from page 21)

Smith Mace said, "I'll think about it."

He left Crill's office feeling a depression settle over him that he knew from experience would insure him a desk mood until he finally managed sleep somewhere deep in the night.

Mace stayed away from headquarters as Crill had suggested but he did not stay away from Janet Hudson. The next afternoon he arrived at the rehabilitation unit with a box of chocolates for her. As he entered the ward he saw a tall darkly handsome man just leaving Janet's bedside. Mace passed the man in the aisle taking note of his wavy black hair, long tapel suit and sportshirt open at the collar. He suddenly felt very shabby in his plain grey suit and nondescript tie.

"Hi, Joe." Janet said when he got to her bed. She took the box of candy and opened it at once. "Thanks. I am sure nice this."

"I figured you could," he said, knowing that an addict undergoing withdrawal had an insatiable appetite for sugar in any form. "Who was the guy? he asked, trying to keep his voice casual.

"Who?" Oh, you mean the one who was just here? He's just a fellow I know from the ninth."

"The ninth?"

"You know, the Golden Rod."

"Oh yeah." Mace nodded. That was where they had made the raid where he and his partner and four federal agents had arrested Janet Hudson and eleven other addicts. "What'd he want?" Mace asked.

Janet shrugged, swallowing her first chocolate and selecting a second one. "He didn't want anything. He was just visiting to see how I was doing.

Mace nodded. "You ink—go with him or something?"

"Sometimes." She stopped eating and stared at him curiously.

"He a hype too?" Mace asked, not wanting to ask, but unable for some reason to keep from it. Janet Hudson flushed slightly.

"Are you visiting me as a cop today?" she asked evenly. She stared coolly at him for a long moment.

"Just thought I'd ask," Mace said.

He stood looking down at her, his eyes flat black reflections, his mouth a straight slash. The look Janet returned to him was equally hard, equally defiant. They stayed that way for a long moment or two, eyes locked.

"I've got to go," Mace said at last.

"Don't let me keep you," she said flatly.

Mace walked out of the ward.

The Golden Rod was nowhere near as deserted as it should have been at three o'clock in the afternoon when Mace walked in and stood at the near end of the bar. There were at least a dozen customers occupying the various booths and tables, most of them Mace saw, of the class known to narcotics officers as probables—the long-sideburned, tight-suited inmate-an type men, and the intense, featured, turtleneck-sweatered, too-thin girls, most of them probably on junk of one kind or another.

Mace leaned forward on the bar and scanned the patrons with a practiced glance. He found the person he was looking for—the guy he had seen earlier vesting Janet—in a booth with another man and a girl.

The bartender came over and Mace said, "The dark-haired guy in the third booth—what's his name?"

"You a cop or something?" the bartender said, eyeing his tips.

"That's exactly what I am, Jack," Mace said evenly. "As a matter of fact, I'm one of the cops that busted this place two months ago. Now what's the guy's name?"

"Mina," the bartender said sullenly. "George Mina."

Mace nodded and walked over to the booth. I'd like to talk to you for a minute," he said to George Mina.

"What about?" Mina asked. He had a half-smile on his thin mouth, but his eyes were sneering.

"It's private," Mace said. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "We can talk at the bar."

Mace walked back to the bar as Mina got up and followed him over.

"I want to talk to you about Janet Hudson," he told Mina.

"What about her?" Mina said.

"What's she to you?" Mace asked. "You go with her or just know her or what?"

"You're a copper aren't you?" said Mina. "A narco copper?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"So what's the pitch about Jan? She got caught, she's in the cure joint doing her time for it. What's your interest?"

"I want to help her," Mace said.

"Why don't you send her some flowers," Mina suggested.

"I mean when she gets out," Mace told him.

"Well, look why come to me?"

"I want to keep her away from here," Mace explained, "away from places where she can get a convenient fix. And I want you to stay away from her."

Mina laughed in Mace's face, a high, evil laugh. "Man," he said, "you are the living end! You come in like a social worker the first day out of school. Oh, you are just too square. Are you sure you're a *real* cop?"

"Yeah, I'm sure." Mace said. He looked thoughtfully at Mina. "You're not going to help me, are you?"

"Sure I'll help you." Mina grinned lewdly. "Let me know when you need a pallbearer."

Mace took a deep breath and sighed flatly.

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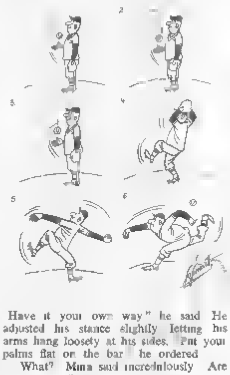
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Mace took a deep breath and sighed



Have it your own way," he said. He adjusted his stance slightly, letting his arms hang loosely at his sides. Put your palms flat on the bar," he ordered.

"What?" Mina said incredulously. "Are you crazy—"

Mace grabbed him by one lapel and whirled him sideways. "Hands on the bar, hype!" he ordered again.

Mina tried to turn back to face Mace again, but as he did so the lean black-eyed detective straight jabbed four stiff fingers into his kidneys, doubling him up.

The man who had been in the booth with Mina got up now and moved across the room to help his friend. Mace, with one hand still holding the doubled-up Mina's lapel, used his free hand to pull a blackjack from under his coat. Swinging his hand in a final effortless arc timing his movement to the split-second he pulled Mina upright and raked the sap viciously across his mouth. Mina stumbled back and fell half-sprawled across one of the tables, writhing in agony, screaming and spitting blood and teeth from a mouth that had been reduced to pulp.

Four of five others in the bar had joined Mina's friend and started to move toward Mace; they stopped when the detective patted back his coat and exposed the gun on his belt. A blackjack was one thing; four or five guys could take down a man with a blackjack. But a heater was something else again.

When all was quiet, everyone motionless and Mina with his gulpy, bleeding mouth finally passed out from shock, Mace stepped over to a pay phone on the wall to call the wagon.

You must be completely out of your mind," Mace the captain said in a firmly controlled voice. "Do you know what Mina told the public defender? That you arrested him for a personal reason, because he wouldn't agree to stay away from this Hudson girl so you could have a free rein with her. Do you have any idea how that's going to sound in court?"

"I can imagine," Mace said tonelessly. He was again standing facing Cr-ig's desk, with Lane of Internal Affairs again sitting nearby.

"Aside from how it's going to look for you personally," Lane said tersely, "how do you think it's going to look for the *Department*?"

I had reasonable cause to make the arrest," Mace said coolly to Lane. "No matter what my reason for going to see Mina I still had reasonable cause to bust him. His pupils were dilated and he had the nods all the time I was talking to him. A rookie could have seen he had a shot of junk in him."

"Yeah, Lane said sarcastically, "and a rookie probably would have had more sense than to use a blackjack on him too."

"What was I supposed to do?" Mace asked with a sarcasm of his own. "Just stand there and let Mina's hype friends work me over?"

"All right, all right," Crit said in exasperation. "this won't get us anywhere. What we've got to worry about now is the preliminary hearing on this joker. If the hearing judge doesn't hold Mina to answer a charge of being under the influence of narcotics, then we're all in hot water."

"And if that happens," Lane promised, "you'll find yourself without a badge."

"I don't doubt that," Mace said, especially if you have anything to do with it."

He shot a last angry look at Lane and left the office.

He went back to the hospital to see Janet Hudson.

"I heard about what you did to George Mina," she told him.

"I didn't mean for it to happen that way," Mace said wearily. "I went there to ask him to stay away from you. I guess he thought that was pretty funny, me want-ng to help you."

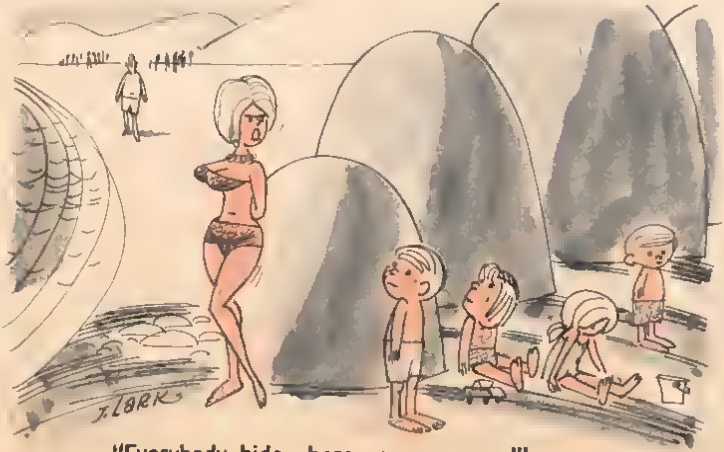
Janet shook her head very slowly, looking fixedly at him. "How did all this ever get started?" she asked quietly.

"How does it always start," Mace said. "A man meets a woman, falls for her, tries to show her that he cares. That's all I was trying to do. Funny that nobody could understand that."

"What are you going to do now?"

"What next? After your friend Mina's preliminary hearing, then resign, I guess."

"If they hold him on the charge," she



"Everybody hide—here comes a man!"

said, "you won't have to resign, will you?"

"No, but I might as well. It's all on my record now. I'm not exactly the most popular man in the Department." He fingered a cigarette from his pocket and handed it to Janet Hudson. "What about you?" he asked. "You'll be getting out pretty soon; what are you going to do?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. Find a job, I suppose. I used to sell lingerie in a department store before I got hooked."

"Yeah," Mace nodded, "I know."

"That's right," she said, "I forgot; you do know all about me, don't you? Tell me something, Joe: how could you possibly fall for me, knowing the whole story?"

"It was easy," he said quietly. "I just looked at you and fell."

Janet reached out from the bed and took his hand. "Do you think we could still make it, Joe—together?"

Mace was silent for a long, heavy moment. "I don't know," he said at last, "maybe we could, maybe we couldn't."

"We'd have to go away somewhere, wouldn't we? To another city, I mean."

"That would be best."

"Would it be hard, Joe? Would it be terribly hard?"

Mace nodded. "Yes. It would be hard."

"Would you still want to try it?"

"If you did," he said. "If you really did." He could feel her fingers tighten on his hand.

"I'd be afraid, Joe. But I'd try."

"All right," Mace said after awhile, "we'll try."

JANET HUDSON was released the day before George Mina's preliminary hearing was scheduled. Mace met her outside the gate and drove her into the city. He had a room waiting for her in a motel court owned by a friend of his. In a vase on the dresser there were flowers he had put in the room earlier.

"That was nice of you, Joe," she said. She looked around nervously. "God, I'm shaky—"

"Take it easy," he said. "The first day out is the hardest. The thing to do is keep occupied. Come on, we'll go sit in a movie for awhile; it'll relax you."

They went to a movie and she sat with Mace's arm around her and her head on his shoulder. After that they took a long drive out to the edge of the city and had dinner in a barbeque restaurant, and after dinner they went into the bar and had two drinks each and played the pinball and shuffleboard games. It was near midnight when they got back to the motel.

"I want you to go to bed and get a good night's sleep," Mace said. He handed her a small bottle containing two tiny capsules. "These are tranquilizers, they'll help keep you relaxed." From his wallet he counted out three hundred dollars he had taken from his savings account. "When you get up tomorrow, go out and buy yourself some new clothes. Shop all day, keep as busy as you can. I'll see you sometime in the afternoon, when the preliminary is over." He pulled her to him gently and kissed her, very lightly. "Do you think you'll be all right?"

She nodded, putting her arms around him, clinging to him. "But I'm scared, Joe," she whispered.

"It'll be over soon," he told her. "In a few days we'll be in a new city, starting a new life. After that it'll get easier. You'll see."

He kissed her again—and again—and again—and then he left.

GEORGE MINNA, who was out on bail, arrived in court the next day minus three front teeth and with his jawbone held in place by wires. He was in the company of a deputy public defender who had been assigned as his counsel.

The preliminary hearing took three hours. Mace testified first, describing how he had sought out Mina on a personal matter; had observed that Mina appeared to be under the influence of narcotics; had ordered Mina to stand for a search of his person and, when Mina resisted, had used necessary force to make the arrest.

Following Mace, the central jail booking officer testified that in his opinion Mina had been under the influence of narcotics at the time he was checked into the jail. Next the police medical officer stated that although Mina had refused to submit to a blood test, which was within his legal prerogative, he had been, in the doctor's professional opinion, definitely under the influenoe of a narcotic.

The defense presented the bartender of the Golden Rod and three of Mina's acquaintances who had been there at the time of arrest. They testified that they had noticed nothing unusual about the way Mina had acted prior to his arrest, nothing that would indicate to them that he had used narcotics that morning; and that, to them, he appeared perfectly normal. They further stated that the manner in which Mace had arrested Mina had appeared to be unnecessarily brutal.

The hearing judge took note of possible unnecessary force used in making the arrest, but ruled that Mina had available to him legal remedies for resolving that issue—to wit, the right to file a criminal complaint or a civil lawsuit against Mace. Finally, the judge ruled to accept the testimony of Mace, the booking officer and the jail doctor as being better qualified than the defense witnesses to give an opinion concerning whether Mina was or was not under the influence of narcotics. The decision of the hearing court was that there was reasonable cause to suspect that the defendant George Mina had been under the influence of narcotics, in violation of the criminal code, and that he therefore be held to answer such charge in the Criminal Court.

The bail for Mina, which had already been posted, was left in force and he was released until his trial date.

Mace left the courtroom and drove to his apartment. He sat down at the portable typewriter on which he had typed so many hundreds of crime reports, this time he inserted a plain white sheet of paper and typed a formal resignation from the Department. He signed the paper, sealed it in an envelope addressed to Captain Crill, and put it in his inside coat pocket.

He left the apartment and drove to the motel. Janet was not there when he arrived. He went in and sat down to wait. He waited six hours.

Janet Hudson did not return.

MACE found her late that evening in a room at the Golden Rod. She was lying on the bed in her slip, a thin trickle of blood dried on her arm where she had taken the needle. George Mina, stripped to the waist, lying next to her, was in a narcotic stupor.

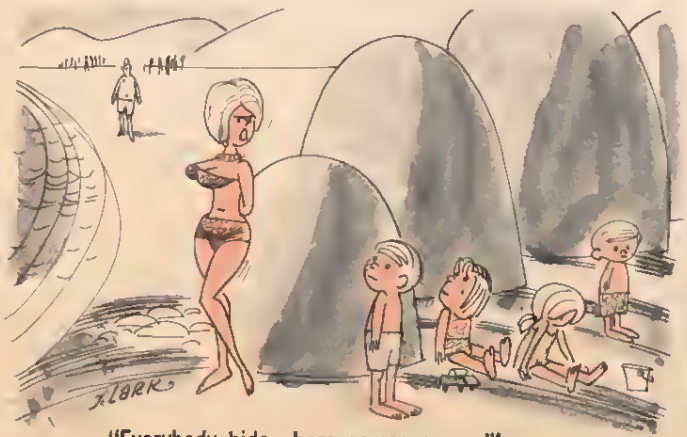
Mace stood over the bed looking down at Janet. Her eyes turned up to him, focusing with difficulty. Her voice, when she spoke, was fuzzy and thick.

"Hello, Joe—my Joe—new life, you and me—"

Mace said nothing. His face was like granite, his neck muscles taut, his jaws clenched tight. Only the depths of his eyes marked the despair within him, pitched as they were with sadness.

"—had to do it, Joe," Janet was mumbling. "—just once more—then a new life, Joe—we'll have a new life, won't we, Joe—won't we, Joe—Joe?"

Mace reached under his coat for the handcuffs on his belt. He cuffed Janet's left wrist and shackled her to the bedpost. Turning, he left the room and headed downstairs to call the wagon. On the way he passed a trash barrel in the hallway. He tore up the letter of resignation and dropped it in, without even breaking stride. THE END



"Everybody hide—here comes a man!"

BOTTLED IN BOND

(Continued from page 11)

agents—you can't get a good job without one but no good one is interested in you unless you've already had some good job, so it's a vicious circle) The agent got him a lead in a TV play Requiem for a Heavyweight and next day offers began pouring in from every movie company in town

Sean shopped around—he's not a Scot for nothing—and settled on 20th Century Fox which promptly loaned him out to Lana Turner's company to make "An other Time—Another Place" most of which was filmed in England

Lana, who knows a he man when she sees one is supposed to have picked him personally and to have had quite a thing for h m too But that was during her Johnny Stompanato period and though he's a husky 6'2" and 190 pounds Sean wasn't about to tangle with sneh competition He bowed out before he was in

He made his first trip to Hollywood to finish that film and a second when he worked for Walt Disney in "Darby O'Gill " He had a part, along with practically every other actor who was husky enough to carry a gun in The Longest Day But for the record he never made a single dame s blood pressure rise until he hit the screen as James Bond in Dr No

That's when crowds began turning up outside movie theaters waiting to get in —and you don t see that every day When dames—young old and of nncertain vintage—could be heard whispering Who's that doll? When Sean was provided with a bodyguard of three beautiful babes—what else?—when he made personal appearances And when the James Bond hysteria began

SEAN has made two more Bond films since then—"To Russia with Love" and Goldfinger each more successful than the last A fourth "Thunderball" should be ready for release within a few months His pay has zoomed along with his popularity From a meagre $15 000 a picture he is now making $300 000 or $400 000—or even $1 000 000—per film depending on whom you believe At a million bucks a picture one columnist tagged him as the highest paid actor in movies today—but maybe she'd forgotten about Elvis, not to mention What s-her name Burton

So, even after taxes the actor who once was young Tommy Connery of the Edinburgh Connerys is now in a position to live it up In James Bond style And he *has* made some changes in his way of living He s traded in his Volks wagon which had replaced his motor bike for an XKE Jaguar But Bond certainly wouldn't approve It s a battered 1960 model which he got second hand

He s schemed the basement flat for a right pazzy house which was once a convent but which has been remodeled with something like six bedrooms three baths, wall-to-wall carpeting, bith and all stuff like that But Acacia House, as he calls it isn't in Bond's posh West End it's in Acton a tough section of London where Sean feels right at home tramping around in corduroys and sweaters and loafers drinking beer and old coffin-polisher that he is, refinishing the woodwork personally He's tried to move his father and mother out of the tw room flat with no plumbing—but with no success He drinks Scotch now as well as beer It's patriotic and he may even like it

He dresses up when the occasion demands—like for a premiere—but he wouldn't be caught dead in some of the duds that Bond affects, and wears with such aplomb When he arrived in Hollywood to make a movie called "Marnie" for Alfred Hitchcock the minions who were sent out to meet him at the airport and roll out the red carpet had trouble recognizing him He was wearing brogans baggy cords, a rumpled sweater and a corduroy cap pulled down over his eyes and his luggage consisted of two dinky bags one crammed with books, a bright plaid tam o-shanter flopping outside the other He resisted firmly all efforts to give him the de luxe treatment, turned in a chauffeur-driven limousine for a drive yourself economy-type car and dined on hamburgers at a drive in rather than at any of the fancy places where stars are supposed to congregate

ON THE subject of girls, however Connery and Bond may have a meeting of minds Both like them Sean said he became interested when he was about nine and since he's now 35 he's had plenty of time to ease the girl situation thoroughly

But where Bond is never in love with the girl—that's part of his attraction for women Sean says—Connery has not only been in love he married one of them as gorgeous and sexy a dame as ever trod to lure 007 from the path of duty Her name is Diane Cilento she's an Australian born actress who panicked the guys in Tom Jones and who's been sharing that fancy house in London with him their son Jason and Diane's daughter by her first marriage

But maybe more of Bond has rubbed off on Connery than he knows. He and Diane split up early last spring, leaving the movie they were to have made together in limbo some place and Sean is now sharing bachelor's quarters with Ronnie Carroll a British singer who is also separated from his spouse

Says Connery "I don t think there's anything very wrong about hitting a woman An open handed slap is often quite justified But I don't call that sadism I just call that being a man And a lot of women like it."

This may be the Bond approach and the West End of London approach, and the wrong side of Edinburgh approach—but Diane spent part of her early life in America, where her father, Sir Rafael Cilento represented Australia at the UNO in New York Maybe she doesn't dig the slapping but

But, as Sean says, a lot of women like it, and there should be no shortage of dames who will be happy to keep him company in that bachelor flat The question then is if Bond they go for, or the rugged guy who plays him, Sean Connery? As of now, the odds are in favor of James Bond. Since his hit in "Dr No" Sean has played several non-Bond roles—"Marnie" to name one—without stumbling any two-dimensional women swooning any females swooning in the aisles. Like any other actor Connery doesn't want to be typed—to play only James Bond for the rest of his life But maybe he's just a crazy Scotsman Who could ask for anything better than a life filled with sexy blondes, exotic ears adventures set inevitably in the lap of luxury—and know all the while that you were going to win in the end because that's what it says in the script? THE END

DARTLAND DELROY

(Continued from page 15)

dining dancing and entertainment

Although popular with foreigners before World War II the island really came into its own after 1947 The faithful now include citizens from most of Europe and the United States

In spite of the French navy's present tolerant attitude toward nudists the relationship has not always been friendly The nudists felt that the navy was encroaching on their domain at times while the Ministere de la Marine took the not unreasonable attitude that national security comes first (The experiments the navy engages in are protected by security measures not unlike those at Cape Kennedy)

These navy versus nudist skirmishes have taken place only on upper levels Minor naval ratings, all the way down from ensigns have never found the nudists hard to take and have managed to co-exist admirably with their nudist neighbors, particularly those of the fair sex

The island boasts no tennis courts or golf courses Neither are there casinos or theaters But the tired businessman can really get away from it all He can rest, lie in the sun go hiking swimming fishing and boating There is absolutely no noise of traffic no gasoline fumes If he be a lover of seafood he will eat like a king He can go skindiving for some of the fabulous fish that abound in these parts and if he is interested he can even seek out some of the rare artifacts that lie at the bottom of these crystal clear blue waters Greek objects have been found including valuable vases from vessels sunk more than a thousand years ago

As for nightlife La Caravelle offers not only dining and dancing but some splendid entertainment, and some special events as well Visitors may participate in the selection of Miss Ile de Levant for instance

Last year this crown was nabbed by

none other than blonde Dartland Debby, featured in this issues cover. She believe you'll agree that she's well equipped to compete in any nudist group for honors in the plchritude department. She scorns—with good reasc.—those cunningly designed clothes—for either street or beach—that are designed to make a gal look like something which she isn't.

Darlene is very much in the Dartland since she has an active and loving disposition to commend her as well as looks. Her favorite pastime was cook outs on the beaches. Native fish and shell fish were the specialties wrapped in wet vine leaves and cooked in pits on pre heated stones. While they cooked the party makers drank wine and sang songs in French and Engl-sh.

I'll never forget it," says Dartland. "It was a wonderfully happy time for me in a wonderfully happy place. I hope I'll be going back.

I'll never forgel her," says photographer Charles Raybnrn. "She was a wonderful looking gal in a wonderful setting—a joy to know and a joy to photograph."

THE END

FAMILY MAN

(Cont-nued from page 9)

looked at Mrs. Steward and stopped and, spoke very solicitously.

Don't think I'm being fresh, miss or anything like that—but you *look* sick. Are you feeling all right?"

Mrs. Steward obviously had great difficulty bringing the hovering Brown into focus. Her obsidian eyes reminded him of two dirty goldfish swimming in a bowl.

"I sheem—seem to feel a little—I little—"

"Yes, miss. Say would you like me to help you ont to your car? Sure let me give you a hand. That's it. Eee sy. You'll be all right in a minute. You just need some fresh air. Here we go now."

He got her ont of the booth and down the aisle, and still didn't look at the bartender who wouldn't look at him and through the rear door and into the parking lot. Then he gave Eddy who was waiting in his, Brown's, ear the high sign and helped Mrs. Steward into her last year's Buick.

Mrs. Steward said tried to say "I don' think—think—"

Sure I know, miss. Brown was understanding. "You don't feel up to driving do you? Well that's perfectly all right. I'll be glad to drive you home. You just lean back and take it easy."

He closed the door and trotted around the end of the gleaming hood, giving Eddy a second highsign and slid into the Buick on the drivers side and got the dyn-flow rig. Then he drove out of the lot slowly carefully taking his time talking encouragingly to the glassy-eyed Mrs. Steward and took a right on the main drag. Eddy following in the other car.

They went to a motel where Brown had a long-standing understanding with the proprietor who was another normal American, and who always looked the other way, and parked the Buick by bungalow 7. Eddy pulled up behind them, and Brown said, "Give me a hand with her. Then come back and get the camera and junk."

Eddy, young and massive and as one-tracked as a bull in the rutting season, got his eyes and hands on the limply wobbling Mrs. Steward and said, "Where's Max. She's something, ain't she? She's—"

"Eddy," Brown said, "will you shut up. Will you shut up and remember this is business? Easy. Good. Good. Mind the goddam endtable there. All right—on the bed."

Then he said, "Camera" to Eddy and went to work stripping Mrs. Steward peeling her down to garter belt, nylons, highheels, earrings and wedding ring, working swiftly deftly, and showing about as much interest for the person he was handling as an overworked gynecologist would show.

Then Eddy came in with the camera and the tripod and the empty whisky bottle (Brown always insisted on a touch of realism) and Brown said "All right. Look the door and get ready."

Eddy locked the door and got ready. He got on top of the bed with the whisky bottle and Mrs. Steward, who mumbled something and started to protest vaguely as Eddy took her in his arms.

"Put the jug in her right hand," Brown ordered from behind the camera.

He peered through the viewer and frowned saying, "Naw naw. We got to get a little life in her. Tickle her nipple a bit, Eddy."

Eddy did and Mrs. Steward complied by making a ghastly *nuhe-uuhu* sound. Her body undulated sluggishly. "Good. Hold it, Eddy." The flashbulb went *ssspunk!* with a dazzling explosion of shock-ng white light. Brown took a dozen shots and then prepared to close up shop.

"All right, get her dressed," he said. Eddy was still on the bed. He was staring at the less than semi-conscious Mrs. Steward. "Kay *rice*," he breathed. "I'm glad it's over. It ain't easy just play-acting with a snazzy looking but like her."

Eddy" Brown said "you go-ng to get her dressed like I tell you? I mean anyttme you're tired of taking my orders, you just let me know. And I'll just kick you off my payroll. Okay?"

Eddy got off the bed. "It don't bother you does it Max?" he said wonderingly. "Having a dish like this right in front of you?"

Brown said "Look Eddy does a writer make love to his typewriter? Does a CPA make love to his books I'm a business man. That bitch— pointing at the naked drugged woman on the bed "is just a tool of the trade to me. I use her or someone else like her to make my living."

Eddy nodded and started gathering up Mrs. Steward's undergarments.

"Well all I can say is her old man must be a nut to want to frame a snazzy but like this into a divorce."

"He don't want to divorce her." Brown told him. "At least not yet. Not until he sees these pictures. He don't know nothing about it."

Eddy's mouth made a flytrap. "Then who's backing all this?"

"Their best friend."

"*Their best friend!* Well, but, Max, why would—"

Brown was patient with Eddy. He said, "Eddy you know why you're a gnat? Know why you'll always be a gnat? Because the few times when you try to think you always think about the wrong things. Now why should we care why their best friend wants to finagle a divorce for him? What business is it of ours for anyway?

"You know why I became a private dick Eddy? Because I knew that nearly everyone in this cockeyed world was a weirdo and weirdos always need help. And help in my book is spelled m-o-n-e-y. Now this best friend of theirs is a weirdo and for all I know maybe he wants this dumb bitch for himself. But maybe she loves her old man and won't give the weirdo a tumble. So he comes to me. Hell I don't know it's his business and his money. Now get her dressed and then drive her ont to the residential somewhere and leave her. I got things to do."

You mean just park her any-old where? Like this?"

Eddy—" Brown began.

All right. All right Max. Whatever you say."

Brown drove downtown in his own car to his office. In his own small darkroom he developed the prints gave them a quick pernsal, grunted his satisfaction and hung them up to dry. Then he went into his office again and sat down at his desk and picked up the phone and dialed.

"Mrs. Simpson? Max Brown. How's the schedule look to you?

Monday? You want to catch him Monday night instead of Saturday?

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah I see. Okay that's fine by me. I'll tell my girl and we'll set it up. Right sharp at the Shore Inn. Right. Bye."

Brown left his office and drove over to the so-so swank cocktail bar and walked to the far end of the bar and gave the bartender the highsign. Then he pulled the roll of tens from his pocket and held it close to his vest and started thumbing the right corners outward.

"Ten'n twenty'n thirty'n forty'n—

Is that woman all right?" the bartender asked undertoned.

—n fifty'n sixty'n what is she your sister or something?" n seventy'n eighty'n ninety'n bingo. He was getting up from his stool. "Maybe we can do business again some-me."

The bartender took the money and made a fist around it, pulling it down to his side and out of sight and looked at it. Then he looked at Brown. "And maybe we can't," he said.

Brown shrugged." Suit yourself, buster. You got something against making easy money it's no skin off my nose."

He left the bar and drove seven blocks to another one not so swanky.

An overbuilt peroxide blonde in a too-tight skirt with a great show of nylons

knee sat on one of the tall stools contemplating her gusty face in the bar mirror When she saw Brown's reflection appear behind her own she smiled with one corner of her scarlet vicious mouth.

"Break in any newlyweds today, Max?" she asked.

"Say" Brown said "I'd say there was a reason why I came in here. It was so you could pitch some thoughts into me. Yeah I mean I got nothing better to do with my time so you go ahead and try a couple more fast ones on me and I'll stand here and giggle."

The girl woman said nothing.

Brown repeated to be surprised "No more funnies Minky? You mean we can actually get on with the business I pay you money for?"

The girl woman Minky said nothing Brown said So how about it? Is the Hollister deal set up or not?

"Yeah Tomorrow night"

"So where? When? I mean you take your time I got nothing better to do than stand here and ask you one question at a time"

"At the Town Hotel I'll have him in room 37 at seven o'clock"

"Good Then at seven fifteen sharp I'll be coming through the door with Eddy and the camera and Mrs Hollister"

Minky turned and looked at Brown She didn't look the way she was supposed to look her eyes didn't not right then Her eyes weren't harlot's eyes at that moment "Max" she said and her tone presaged a request favor "could you make it maybe seven thirty?"

"How's that?"

"Well she couldn't hold his opaque gaze she never could She looked down at her hands in her lap "Well it's just that I feel sorry for the poor bastard Hollister He's a real nice guy Max Most of em aren't you know But he is And well hell—what's he getting out of this? Not even me if you bust in at seven fifteen"

"So that's a lot to lose? What about the alimony he's going to lose after his old lady and the judge are through with him?"

"That's what I mean Max He ain't getting nothing out of this And I think he should at least have well dammit I wouldn't care as a rule but this guy is *really* nice Max He—"

"Minky Minky can you shut up for a minute so maybe I can slip a word in here? Okay? Now you want to play fun games with this guy—fine You do't on your time not mine"

"But, Max you know he'll hate my guts after you and Eddy—"

"Well say" Brown cut in "I guess I didn't understand Ain't I the dumbhead? You're trying to tell me you don't want to work for me any more That's it isn't it? Sure, you're just telling me in a nice way that I got to go find some other tramp who'll work for fifty bucks a throw"

Minky closed her mouth She turned back to the bar Brown studied her profile Then he said You said seven fifteen didn't you Minky?"

She nodded like a mechanical man with a faulty gear

"Let me hear it. He'll be tied and in action at seven-fifteen"

"He'll be tied and in action at seven-fifteen," Minky said dully.

Brown nodded briskly and dug a little notebook from his coat and thumbed rapidly through the pages "Okay. Then let's see here That's for tomorrow night, and oh yeah that Simpson set up has been changed to Monday night Eight sharp at the Shore inn And I guess that's all for now He snapped the little book shut and replaced it in his pocket

"See you" he said

"Yes" Minky said quietly "You sweet sweet sonofabitch!"

Brown stopped at the telephone booth and dialed a number

"Mr Reike? Max Brown That little job's all completed Mr Reike I got the pictures and they are beauts"

"Yeah Yeah well I'll bring em over first thing in the morning And uh—you have my check ready hmh? That was one grand we agreed on and uh—expenses"

Hmh? Well not much really A couple of bills to a bartender fifty for my assistant and then there was the motel room which runs me a little more than you'd think because I got an understanding with—"

"Yeah Well say two bills will cover it Twelve hundred in all"

"Oh no no They're beauts I've already seen em Sure And listen Mr Reike even if she *could* convince him that she didn't know anything about how they were taken he wouldn't want to have anything more to do with her Uhhuh Not after seeing *these* pictures"

Yeah Okay tomorrow then Bye Brown went home

HIS HOME was a split level in a new tract complete with small tear shaped swimming pool The family Irish Setter greeted Brown ecstatically in the backyard Brown ruffled her long hairy ears for her

"Hello girl Hello girl You glad to see papa hmh? You glad hmh Lady? You love papa hmh? Where's your ball? Fetch your ball Lady Ball Fetch your ball Atta girl Here you go" The setter took off around the pool after the bouncing ball

Brown went into the house

Mrs Brown short dumpy Irish-faced threw her arms around him in the kitchen "Max" she said "Home early! You remember—"

Brown gave her a slap where she was the fattest and said "Well you think I'd forget my own 17th anniversary? Well if that's what you think you just go take a peek in the rear of the hall closet and see if that little package in there doesn't straighten you out Hey! A cake and all *Umm* mama mama you really spoil me!"

Brown and his wife went into the den and Mrs Brown said "Max, you sit down now and take off your shoes I'll have dinner ready in just a minute here There's your pipe Now where's your tobacco?"

Brown laughed and settled down comfortably on the couch "Say" he said "we ought to have an anniversary every day."

Then Brown's gawky fifteen-year-old daughter rushed into the room and threw herself across Brown shrilling. "*Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!*"

"All right" Brown said grinning "What's it going to cost me?"

"Oh Daddy it's the most *wonderful* graduation dress in the world! Mama and I saw it down at Cobb's today and it's horizon blue with—"

"Don't bother Daddy about that now dear" Mrs Brown said "He's had a hard day with all those criminals he has to work around"

"Now hold on" Brown said "A pretty young girl doesn't graduate everyday What's this most wonderful dress cost?"

It's only eighty two dollars Daddy! And it's the most—"

"Is *that* all?" Brown said and he winked at Mrs Brown "Well I guess your poor old man can afford that much for his little girl"

"Oh Daddy! Daddy! You're the most wonderful man in all the *world!*"

Brown grinned "You tell em baby Nobody can say Max Brown don't take care of his family"

THE END

ARMS OF THE DEVIL

(Continued from page 24)

in trouble or a fifty passenger airliner Either way—night or day—we move During the day our knees roll with a five seconds At night when the fire crew is sleeping upstairs and has to jump out of bed put on their equipment and clothes hit the pole climb on the trucks and start rolling, it takes a little while longer twenty seconds

Try it sometime! Try getting out of bed from a sound sleep dressing running downstairs, opening doors running outside starting the car and driving off down the street—all in twenty seconds There's only one way it can be done and that's by continual training

Speed is important equally important though is knowing the equipment you work with—and the equipment you might expect to find on a downed plane For example let's say one of our jets has crash landed The face emblem in front of the pilot has been pulled down apparently he attempted to eject himself before landing This is a nightmare situation even under normal circumstances It's compounded by the fact that smoke and flames make it impossible to see inside the cockpit So you have to work in the blind And here's where the knowhow will the training comes in We have to release the pilot from his safety harness

There are two rings—one a "D" ring for the ejection seal the other to release the harness They're about seven inches apart Pull the wrong one and the seat will roar out of the plane at the speed of a rocket will throw the pilot some 200 feet into the air and most probably will kill him. And—if you're the guy who pulled the ring—sail up along

with the seal will be your head quite neatly severed at the ejection mechanism. Under circumstances such as this, you don't *guess* which is the right ring—man you *know* which ring to pull! You know because you've been drilled on it a hundred—a thousand—times. You can find it in the dark, in the smoke with your right hand, your left hand, through heavy gauntlet gloves and all.

Some of our drills are pretty spectacular. Twice a week we simulate a crash and set fire to 500 gallons of kontaminated jet fuel and gasoline surrounding a wrinkled fuselage. The black tornado cloud of smoke and flames can be seen in five different cities. A hundred feet away from the burning plane, paint will blister and scorch. Fifty feet away pull dies of water steam and evaporate like a mirage. Twenty five feet away news papers will ignite instantaneously. Twenty feet away, a two inch thick steak will barbecue well done charred and black in about fifteen seconds.

This is a speed drill. We go in marrying a ladder place it at the side of the cockpit open the canopy release the safety harness and pull out the dummy and get him away from the plane.

We do this over and over again until we can do it blindfolded hog tied, hanging over or what have you. We drill—drill—drill until every motion becomes practiced and perfected. And then we drill some more so it will become automatic as a reflex.

ALERT ONE—ALERT ONE—RUNWAY TWO EIGHT! RUNWAY TWO EIGHT! ALERT ONE ALERT ONE! RUNWAY TWO EIGHT!

Okay! Let's roll! We've got a real one this time. An F-8-U has radioed control that he's lost his instruments and has an identical fire that has already burned through the hydraulic system. That's bad news if you're the has no landing gear or brakes. Worst of all though he's still carrying about 700 gallons of JP-5 jet fuel aboard.

We hit the alarm and suddenly the place erupts in activity. Norm Gehrig the assistant chief at control mount was quietly drinking coffee and talking to a sailor—the next blink of the eye and he's running top speed headed for the big MB-1 fire truck which has two turret nozzles capable of coating the Empire State Building with foam in seconds.

On the field our Ready Trunk, which stands by at all times alongside the runway starts regurgitating a deep carpet of foam on runway two-eight. It looks like a huge powerful snowplow tossing snow fifty feet into the blue California sky. Maybe, we hope, the foam will allow the plane to belly in safely without sparks and without fire. Maybe not.

Acceleration presses us back against the seat as our own truck roars out onto the flight apron. We don't know what to expect out there but we have to expect—and prepare for—the worst. JP-5 will mist (like the mixture of gasoline and air in a carburetor) as soon as the tank ruptures. The grinding, wrenching, screeching metal of the crashing plane usually will throw out the spark needed to ignite it. The fire will reach 1500° within twenty seconds.

Gehrig and his crew are racing right alongside us in the MB-1. Assistant Chief Paul McGaughey has taken the smaller MB-5 and three of us are racing abreast of each other. Now we see the plane—there it is—coming in from the east just above the scrub brush at the end of the runway. It's smoking. It'll be a miracle if he even makes it to the foam.

And just for an instant—way way back in the recesses of your mind a flash bulb explodes and you see a picture of another day—an island called Guam and a situation exactly like this one. The plane in exactly the same position same altitude the fire trucks spaced exactly as they are now. And you can remember the plane ground looping before crashing head-on into two fire trucks—and red and orange death on a golden afternoon.

But there now! One bird's made it to runway two-eight. He's made it! The crippled plane touches down—the pilot did a good job. Hold him, boy, you hear one of the crew shout. Suddenly the plane is nameless out of control. He skids sideways, the wing dips and crumples. Smoke? No, it isn't smoke. It's fire—vaporing right in front of our eyes. Even above the roar of our trucks we can hear the little poof as it explodes.

Gehrig's MB-1 now speeds ahead of us he'll attack the left flank. McGaughey is hanging in there—he'll be the center. I'll take the right. We're all racing alongside the plane. Soon it slows and staggers to a stop. Twisting black smoke and angry orange flames pour out of the ruined bird. The MB-1 stops about twenty five feet away from the aircraft itself flames linking around the tires. Even before Gehrig's truck comes to a complete halt, the two turret nozzles are disgorging a white barrenness of foam. Now McGaughey's truck has opened up and our own starts shuddering and growing as it spews out a combination of high pressure fog and foam.

Two men from our truck both dressed in aluminized reflective suits, hit the ground running. New they are joined by two other men one of them is Mr. Gaughey. A ladder is placed against the fuselage we can see the pilot squirming inside the cockpit. The canopy goes sailing through the air as one of our men triggers it. The ladder is down. It's almost impossible to see what is going on because of the smoke flames and foam.

None of the men out there in that hell hole back behind them. They can't—or they'll get a face mask full of foam which will completely blind them. They won't need to look back though. They know everyone behind them will be doing their jobs.

Now here they come, staggering out with the pilot. The foam covers all of them. They look like abominable snow men. They run carrying the pilot between them about 150 feet away from the flames—where it is cool enough to breathe.

Behind us, way down the runway we can hear the whine of the sirens on the field ambulance and the skipper's car as they race toward us.

We received the original Alert One call on the telephone some forty five seconds ago. We screeched to a stop by the burning plane fifteen seconds ago. The pilot's and his whiskers may be a little singed but he's okay and will fly again.

I give the signal and radio the command. Okay boys. Knock it down. It's only another fire to us now just another fire that has to be extinguished.

But we can take our time now. The pilot is out and safe.

We went into Hill nine seconds ago—and brought him back with us—alive.

THE END

UNMARRIED WOMAN

(Continued from page 39)

major—made a project of getting me into shape. It was this isometric routine, and that was long before I ever heard the word. The ads now say 20 seconds a day. That wouldn't do it. I do 20 minutes every day. That brings you up on top and it certainly slims the waist. I am eight inches smaller around the waist than I was when I was 16. And it pares down the hips. But it wasn't my hips so much as it was my big fat stomach. I weigh 140 now, which is what I weighed at school, but it is distributed differently.

About my neighbors in the building. This place is pretty old and was built like a fort. The walls must be two feet thick. A bank manages it as a trustee. It is very well maintained. The superintendent of this place and two others around here is only interested in the rent and I guess he had passed the word along to his janitors. I don't see much of them. Once in a while I need a washer changed on a faucet. I don't know who lives on either side of me or across the hall. I see women around now and then. I have a hunch they are kept girls. They are very quiet. Being on the second floor I just walk upstairs—I never use the elevator.

This is a big alarm over the Internal Revenue cracking down on expense accounts. I guess it was salesmen and oil men and lawyers who were worried. My men are all professional people. They don't account for expenses in the same sense. They just add it to a fee.

"How about the sex odd balls?" Me: aren't so very odd. There is nothing repulsive and I would never let anyone hurt me. One man brought me a pair of old-fashioned black opera tights. They are a nuisance to get on and off but it's a harmless thing. None of my men are really queer. No whips or getting themselves up in women's clothes. One guest intimated his kind two girls I said no and always managed to be unavail-

able when he called again One man in sists that a woman s back with dimples in the shoulder blades is terribly sexy

One friend an awfully nice person likes to have the lights turned out and to play Dancing In The Dark over and over while we danee in the nude I like it too And there are other kicks, but they are all just variations on a theme

One of my men had a hernia operation They cut some nerves, so he could n t do a thing and it was more than a year before this cleared up But he used to call and he liked to sit around with nothing on And we just talked They were wonderful conversations, and he always felt a remembrance

I heard somewhere that being with so many men was hard on the teeth Maybe—I don t know But I haven t a filling in my mouth One dentist said it was because my grandparents lived on turnip greens But another said it was a chemical condition and not rare at all Anyway, I take very good care of my mouth

Does Kit know of any other girls like herself? Oh I suppose there are a lot But I don t know of any I wouldn t anyway I overheard a lot of office blabber about a couple of young wives on our staff who are supposed to spend weekends out of town with rich men And I heard of another who put her son through college that way Good for her! But otherwise I have no idea I don t really care for women, or invite their confidence Working girls I can stand but not the women who sit around all day swapping inane talk I don t learn much of anything from women Men are an educat on I never invite women here If I have to meet them it s in a restaurant

"I have a cleaning woman come in Saturdays while I am here I never leave anything around to indicate men come here No suits in closets or shirts and socks in the dressers. There are men s pajamas because I sometimes wear them myself They re here if a man wants to spend the night There isn t a scrap of paper around to show a man has ever been here And I don t keep a diary I have a notebook at the office with names and addresses and numbers in a code I got up myself I don t think any one could figure it out The code is different for each man

"I had a guest—a real wild man—a foreign import distributor He practically lived on planes Dashed in one night stayed an hour and handed me a flat package like a record album He said to keep it for him he d pick it up the next time around The label on it said 'Tape recording proceedings of summer sales conference Brussels' He had brought it through customs that way Two weeks later he was killed in a plane crash so I thought it was all right to open the package

"It was a reel of 16MM film I had an old projector here then that I bought for vacation movies and I ran the film It was a stag movie in color The girls were young and beautiful but the men were real creeps The film had girls and men together and all variations I ve heard it said that women don t respond to these shows but this one just shattered me Early the next morning I walked down to the river and dropped it in There isn t a camera in this apartment Now and then a man has a brain wave and thinks a few pictures would be wonderful Not for me What a trap that could be

"Had Kit ever had another girl? Did she ever have one while a guest was here? She started to say no then said Once It turned out to have been for the benefit of a voyeur guest and the girl was a German whose visa was about to expire and who left the country shortly after that lone episode

"About her apartment Kit said 'A lot of things in this room were given to me That jade elephant there—when a friend was leaving one night he unwrapped it and tucked his remembrance under it It s a beautiful thing—don t you think so?'

It seemed strange to me that Kit, with all her secrecy mentioned her guests by name The name of one of them a law yer, is a household word It was not I m sure that she thought name-dropping would give her any special status But when I reflected that all her friends had been steered to her by other friends there did seem to be no point in concealing the identity of one from the rest

How long did Kit intend to keep going on? I thought until I am 40 Some of my men will drift away but it s strange the older ones, the first to come here are still with me I can t handle more than I have now anyway And I don t kid myself You can t go on and on So many women do such damnfool things in their 40s I want to be out before then!

"Marriage? I never really considered it If I ever married it would have to be someone like you who knows all about me—but that wouldn t do you any good I might go into some kind of teaching I have certificates in two states and if they re good on the West Coast I m gbt go there I wouldn t stay here A nursery school perhaps or a summer camp You can t get rich on either of these but you needn t lose much either

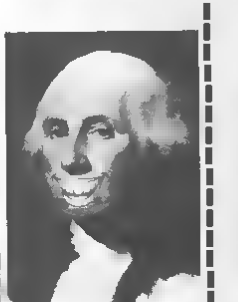
I asked about finishing a school or camp and finally broke through a mystery I have had very good investment advice from two of my friends Everything now is in blue chips If they eol lapse so does the government And I figure that at 40 I ll have about half a million dollars

"Not bad at all for the once chubby teenager of whom I am very fond I hope she makes it Meanwhile I won t be losing sight of her in these ten years until she reaches 40"

THAT concludes our report for this issue Remember your contributions will be welcome on any phase of sex habits and customs of which you have personal knowledge Simply address B F Shelton 21 West 26 Street New York 10 New York The only requirement is that the facts reported be positively known by you personally to be true Sign your initials only name only the state in which

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NOTE *For the record and to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding the editors of MR Magazine wish to state that publication of the foregoing study does not in any way imply approval of the activities and points of view reported Some obviously are at violent odds with the community avowed moral standards of our country*

Supreme Court Justice William O Douglas has written "If there is to be intelligence in coming to grips with the problems of sex there must be the widest possible discussion of it and dissemination of views concerning it That is the hunt of our function Any assumption that we because we have had the courage to present a factual and unemotional report therefore sympathize with the activities or points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose THE EDS

RESCUE PARTY

(Continued from page 27)

The road ahead was as straight as an arrow shaft it seemed like a black mourning ribbon of asphalt stretching on and on and on About every twenty or thirty feet I could see the flattened remains of a jack rabbit or some other poor animal that had tried to cross the highway and had been paralyzed by headlights of an inexorable onrushing destroyer

The desert is a funny place it has a wild beauty about it that lingers at some thing deep inside of me Dr Chatwin the anthropologist at UC would say that it was a racial memory pulling me back Back where? I feel the same way about the sea only more so especially at sunset when the glow turns the trees the sky the cities to gold golden cities by a golden sea

Cigarette? I jumped as I came back to reality It was the second time the deputy sheriff had asked the question

I shook my head not trusting myself to answer I had all I could do to keep from shouting Sure go ahead and offer the condemned man a cigarette While you're at it why not blindfold me You might as well you're putting me in front of a firing squad you're killing me killing me just as sure as hell But I didn't say anything It would have frightened him and made him jumpy

The deputy smoked in silence his white face a green glow from the dash lights. Once in a while his police radio would make a humming noise that could be heard above the sound of the motor the tires and the wind

It's odd how some people have a premonition of impending events Once about fifteen years ago, Pop got up from the dinner table took Mom by the arm and told me George—come with me Right now! I didn't argue something about the way he was acting convinced me that he meant business We went outside and twenty seconds later an earthquake hit It didn't do any damage but

I'm relating this to you because sudden as we were driving in that desert darkness, I began to get a feeling that something was about to happen I hoped myself and the deputy—noticing my movements—looked at me sharply enough He had opened his mouth to make some remark when it happened

AHEAD of us just as though a million Hollywood arc-lights had been turned on simultaneously the black evening sky changed to blinding day An earsplitting sonic boom rocked our car we swerved across the center line then the deputy overcompensated and we wound up on the right shoulder of the road The night was full of wind and an unimaginable roaring from powerful deep-throated motors

Now the lights were concentrated in one area just to the right and in front of our car I was forced to close and shield my eyes against the glare but my retinas retained a searing vision of a huge bowl slowly settling to the ground about three miles away

The deputy had seen it too and—unbelievably as if he didn't want to believe it—he said Good God a flying saucer

With trembling hands he reached for his radio transmitter and said This is unit four zero two of the Los Angeles Sheriff's Office any station or unit within sound of my voice come in please This is an emergency transmission

No answer Just silence—a lot of static

The deputy repeated his message again and I anything the interference became worse I'll say this much for him he was a brave man When he didn't get an answer this time he transmitted This is four zero two we have sighted a flying saucer Repeat A flying saucer Our time two six is approximately 40 miles south of Lone Pine on Highway 395 We are going to investigate further Please relay this message to proper units Four zero two—over and out

Static

I wanted to make a wisecrack—something like We? Partners? We're going in there? Man since when have you and me been partners? But it would have been just facetiousness on my part because it was true We were partners Now for the first time we were partners earthmen if you will against the terrifying unknown—joined by the unsettling realization that we were not alone in this ocean of stars we call the sky

The deputy swallowed audibly and then said hoarsely "I'm going to unlock the cuffs Will you give me your word of honor that you won't try anything funny?"

"Yes What the hell he didn't have anything to fear from me

"Okay" he said sighing He not only unlocked the handcuffs but also the shotgun that was bracketed to the dashboard "You know how to use one of these?" he asked

"I was in the Army I can figure it out fast enough"

"Don't use it unless I give you the word Understand?"

I nodded

Two minutes later we left the main highway our car was moving across the open country—our headlights were bouncing and weaving crazily as we dodged Joshua trees cactus and potholes In front of us we could see a red glow from burning brush Whatever had set down there was hot

Our right rear tire blew We kept on driving And finally after about twenty minutes we crested a hill and stopped There some two hundred yards away—half hidden in smoke and steam—was the saucer It was monstrous I would never have believed anything that huge could get off the ground It was easily as large as the Los Angeles Coliseum and lit up in much the same manner

We'll try the radio once more the deputy said then we'll go down there He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and transmitted Four zero two—four zero two—calling any unit with in—

THAT'S when we heard the music How can I explain it? The closest I can come to describing it is to compare it with one of Schoenberg's compositions—only this music was full of beauty not just mathematical precision The notes lasted only a moment and then faded and died and with a clarity that would have done justice to the BBC there came a voice over the police radio

Do not fear us, four zero two We shall not harm you

There was a stunned silence for a second The deputy looked at me—almost as if he were asking advice I shook my head I wasn't that articulate

Who what are you? And what do you want?" the deputy croaked

We come from a long distance so far away that you planet cannot see our sun We are a scientific survey team—a rescue party I believe your people would call us Many years ago by your sun time one of our stellar ships crashed in this galaxy We were not able to pinpoint your planet until now Our accidental discovery of your earth is the source of much rejoicing among our staff"

The deputy and I stared at each other I knew we were both thinking the same thing they had made a mistake We would have heard about it or it would have been recorded somehow

The deputy pushed down his transmitting button "Look I hate to disappoint you but there haven't been any crashes here and if there are no one has alerted it

Odd As soon as the words were out of his mouth I felt a gentle probing in my mind it was just as if someone had peeled back my skull in order to verify the statement It lasted only a second and then it was gone leaving behind a whispered apology for intruding

Over the radio the alien's voice suddenly sounded tired and incredibly sad "We are sorry to hear that We had

horse that not all of our people had perished — that somehow they had managed to land safely and survive."

The static was back again on the radio: it faded as the voice returned. "We shall trouble you no longer. We leave now. It would be well for you to move your vehicle to a safe distance before we depart."

"But — but... how about sticking around for the official welcome and letting everyone take a look at you — the deputy said suddenly realizing that a moment of glory was slipping out of his hands.

"Thank you. That is very kind but we are weary and we are anxious to return to our home."

Abruptly I thought of something. I got my hand on the deputy's arm. "Ask him," I said, "how long ago. How many sun years ago did the ship crash?"

"What difference does that make?" The deputy was puzzled but he did as I asked.

The alien answered: "It was almost 10 000 of your sun years ago."

Ask him," I said slowly and holding my breath to describe their planet.

The answer came but it didn't come over the radio because suddenly there was a picture in my mind a pleiade of graceful buildings reaching toward a Van Goghish sun and sprawling highways hanging suspended in the air and a golden city that grew beside a golden sea. And I looked upon the faces of the people of this far away planet.

And I felt — with in my mind — the warm surprise of someone else. I opened my mind to them and like some rapidly blossoming flower their minds opened to me.

I glanced at the man beside me. I felt sorry for him. he wasn't communicating — he depended upon the radio and his tongue to understand what was going on. I also felt sorrow about something else we had been "partners" for so short a time. We were partners no more and could never be again.

I guess the pity showed on my face because he looked at me with surprise. He was going to be even more surprised when the door opened to that saucer and out walked the star voyagers — the rescue party! everyone of them black black like me!

THE END

TEACHER'S PET

(Continued from page 17)

be like that" she said after a while.

Disappointed?"

No just surprised. From what I've read and heard I didn't think a woman could — I mean I thought it would take practice to enjoy it so much."

"Maybe it depends on the woman" I said.

"Or the man" she said squeezing my hand. A man who knows what he's doing and is considerate and thoughtful of the woman.

She turned toward me hesitantly. I would like to do — what we did again. One really should try it more than once before making up one's mind."

"Well, I should hope so" I chuckled. "We can try it hundreds of times if you like."

"No, we can't do that," she said. "We can't let this expand into an affair. Grant ff will have to be what you guys refer to as a one night stand."

I stare at her unbelievingly. "Is that all you want? just one night with a man?"

"Yes" she said. Then I can go on with my career without this aching desire to know what it's all about and I still won't have become so used to it I can't do without it."

"Well I'll be damned! That's a pretty cold blooded way of looking at it."

Maybe so but that's the way it will have to be.

I sat up and looked down at her. I was wrong about you — damn wrong! You may not be cold physically but your brain is like an icicle."

A woman has to let her brain run her sometimes, especially if she's got a good one. She can't just let her glands take over and run everything."

You're in danger of doing that," I said bitterly standing up.

"Grant — don't go" she said in a kinsky whisper.

"Why not? You want to experiment with me again?

"No, darling. The experiment was a success. I just want to confirm it" and she pulled me back down into her arms.

Sometime later, I asked. Is this really all there's going to be between us?"

I'm afraid so Grant" she said her old cool self again. "Much as I'd like there to be more it just can't be."

But why not for God's sake?"

"The main reason is that you're a student" she said crisply "and I'm an instructor and attachments between the two are frowned on here at Western."

And that was the end of that. She went back to her precious career and I went back to getting an education and dating Donna Mitchell a pretty little blonde who made no bones about preferring me to stuffing her head with drill facts and figures.

And that's what caused the trouble when ten week exams came around. Donna had pulled a D in the five week and was Iranie when this one was almost on us.

I don't understand all that junk" she told me. All those names and dates don't mean a thing to me."

You can do it, honey." I encouraged her. I'll help you and you'll come through with flying colors."

"I'd better" she said. "If I get an F my father will make me quit school."

"Aw he wouldn't do that."

"Yes he would. You don't know him!"

"Well don't worry we'll work something out I'll help you study and you'll get a passing grade."

So every night that week I worked with her on Man's Civilizatieu but she didn't seem to retain any of it. Finally one night after hours of drilling she broke down and sobbed. "I can't — I'll never be able to pass that old exam I'll flunk it and get an F for the course and—"

"Easy, baby — easy." I soothed her. "We'll think of something."

"Wh-what?" she choked.

"Something. We'll — we'll cheat if we have to."

How I came to say that she stared at me her wet eyes looking twice as large as usual. "How?" she asked.

I was already sorry I had said it but I couldn't let her down when I saw the hope in those big eyes. "Well — all the sections take the exam at the same time — and there isn't any prearranged seating. Right?"

Yes. But—"

So we'll sit together—"

"What good will that do? I couldn't copy from you. They alternate the tests—"

I know. Let's see. I think I can finish my paper in half an hour and while I'm doing that you can be going through yours and answering the questions you're sure of. When I'm through you can point out the questions you don't know and — I'll tap my pen once if it's true and twice if it's false."

She looked at me doubtfully. "I don't know. Grant. It would be awful if we got caught."

We won't get caught."

How can you be so sure? All the instructors will be there and they'll all be patrolling the auditorium watching."

We won't get caught. I repeated.

I was a little less sure when we got to the auditorium the morning of the test and I saw Vanessa Harris and three other instructors pacing up and down the aisles, while Professor Vernon gave his final instructions.

Just relax and don't try to hurry" he said. There will be plenty of time for everyone to finish and remember a wrong answer isn't any better than no answer."

While Donna hunched over her paper with nervous intensity I worked on my own. It went pretty fast I liked the course and had no trouble at all with the true and false questions on the three sheets of white paper. When I finished I leaned back but kept my hand poised over the test as though still working on it. I nudged Donna and she shifted in her seat so I could see her questions.

She hadn't answered half of them. This was going to be rough. I thought. She started down the sheet pausing beside each blank space until I tapped my pen et to indicate the correct answer. It went along okay for a while and it seemed to me we weren't being obvious at all. Then things started going wrong. Donna's nervousness increased rapidly and she started getting the signals mixed up. Several times I had to whisper to her. False — *false* — not true.

"True — that one's *true*.

She was shaking now and I didn't blame her. Once or twice heads turned in our direction and one of the patrolling instructors paused for a few seconds before going on.

"True — *true*" Didn't she even

know a simple one like that?

"False." We were getting near the end and I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw she had answered the last three herself. If she was lucky, she'd crack a C on it. I figured.

We got up and headed toward the tables to add our tests to the growing stacks.

Donna was first and placed her paper on top of the blue pile and turned away. Then as I placed mine with the white ones a hand reached from behind me and took it.

"Will you please stop by the History Office for a few minutes Mr. Nylin?" It was Vanessa and her eyes were cold and angry as they met mine.

"Why . . . yes, of course." I said my heart sinking to the bottom of my stomach.

Donna gave me an anguished look back over her shoulder and kept going.

Damn it! Damn it all to hell! Why did it have to be Vanessa who saw us?

TEN minutes later I knocked on the door of her cubicle in the History Office and went in. She looked so tired and upset that for a minute I felt sorrier for her than for myself.

Mr. Nylin," she said as coolly as though our night together had never been, "would you mind telling me why you were whispering during the examination?"

I tried to look innocent. "Whispering?"

"Yes . . . whispering . . . to the girl sitting next to you."

"I . . . I was just asking her if she had an extra pencil." Even to me it didn't sound convincing.

Vanessa's eyes flashed. "You were cheating, weren't you?"

I shrugged. There wasn't any use trying to deny it.

But why?" she demanded and all the coldness was gone from her voice. "You didn't have to. Grant I've been watching your grades closely, and you're making an A in this course."

"I haven't been studying. I said hastily. "I've had other things on my mind."

"Such as—"

"Just other things."

"You mean women?"

"Well . . . kinda—"

"That's what I thought," she said looking down at my paper sadly. "But why would you do such a thing? Don't you know you can be expelled for this?"

"Yes." I said wondering if she still thought as much about our night as I did.

Her face was white and strained. "I don't know what to do about this."

What did that mean? Did she think I'd talk if she turned me in to the Dean? I wanted to reassure her. I wanted her to know I wasn't that kind of rat. I'd think that I wouldn't tell a soul what had happened no matter what she did.

"I wouldn't blame you if you turned me in." I said.

Her eyes met mine and I was pretty sure she understood. It seemed to make her feel better, but she was still upset.

"If I don't report this, I'll be committing what you've already done. I'll be as bad as you and that girl . . . that girl! That's it! You weren't cheating for yourself, you were cheating for that . . . that insipid little blond-ie!"

"She's not insipid." I said.

"I happen to have Miss Mitchell in one of my classes and I consider her extremely insipid," she said, glaring at me.

"Well anyway, I was the one who was cheating, not her."

"And I suppose you think it's very noble and gallant to cover up for her? Do you realize what will happen if I turn your paper over to the Dean and tell him what I saw? You'll both be expelled!"

"But I'm the one you saw whispering I said.

"Very touching," she said scathingly "but as far as I'm concerned you're both guilty."

She was right of course and I admitted it to myself. I never should have jeopardized the only chance I'd get to attend college but what could I do now? I'd cheated and been caught and I'd have to take whatever punishment she decided on.

"All right I said . . . we're guilty. What happens now?"

She looked at me for a long minute before she said. "Nothing—"

"Nothing?"

"That's right . . . nothing," she said quietly. "You didn't really think I'd turn you in, did you?"

"Miss Harris . . . Vanessa . . . you did understand what I was saying before, didn't you?" I asked. "No matter what your decision is on this . . . I wouldn't ever say a word about—"

"Yes, Grant I understood. I'm not dropping this because I'm afraid of what you'll tell . . ."

"Then why are you doing it? I don't understand."

"You want to be punished?"

"No . . . not particularly. I just hate to see you do something that goes against your principles." I said.

She almost smiled. "Thank you for saying that, Grant. It proves to me that my decision is right . . . and that you're worth saving. You may go now."

She turned back to her papers and I left the room feeling like seven kinds of a heel.

Donna was waiting in my car. "It's okay." I answered her anxious look. "She saw me whispering but she isn't going to report it."

She beamed. "Wonderful! I'll get my grade then. It's a good thing it was her who saw us and not one of the other instructors."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my mind still on the way Vanessa had looked when I left.

"Anyone else would have turned us in. I was scared when she stopped you, but I didn't really think she'd go too far with it."

"You didn't? Well I did. I was sure she was going straight to the Dean."

"You know why she didn't don't you?"

"Yes because she's a fine person." I said.

"Ha! You don't really believe that?" "Of course I do. What's the matter with you?" I asked annoyed at her tone.

A knowing, almost leering expression spread over her face. "She's covering for you because she's got a thing for . . . you."

"You're out of your mind," I said, and started the car and drove her home.

SOMEHOW I didn't see much of Donna after that. It meant to a couple of times, but every time I'd start to call her I'd see that smug look on her face when she got her C in Man's Civilization. It didn't seem to bother her that she'd got it dishonestly but it did me.

So one night I decided to go out on the town by myself. I still had three finals to take but I didn't care. I was tired of studying. What I needed was a little recreation. I told myself I needed it for the nearest off-campus bar, a place called The Blue Moon. And recreation started with a drink—several drinks—so I threw a bill on the bar and told the bartender to keep them coming.

I was just starting on the second one when a leg rubbed against mine and a soft husky voice said "Is this seat taken?"

"Not that I know of." I said turning to see what she looked like. I almost dropped my drink. It was Vanessa Harris. "What are you doing in a place like this, teacher?"

She shrugged. "School is almost over and even a teacher can play once in a while, can't she?"

"Yeah I guess so," I said looking at that marvelous figure of hers. The pale blue knit she was wearing showed it off perfectly. The memory of the night we had spent together flashed through my mind. It had been such a wonderful thing for both of us, and I knew I'd never get over wanting it to happen again. But she had made herself crystal clear on that subject and I was reluctant to bring it up again.

"Seriously what are you doing here?" I asked.

"Maybe I'm trying to pick you up," she smiled.

"You don't have to do that." I said. All you've ever had to do's crook your little finger and I'd have come running."

"Do you mean that, Grant? What about that girl—Donna what's-her-name?"

"That's all over. I guess it was just one of those things."

Her smile and her thigh moved slightly against mine. "These drinks aren't very good do you think?" she asked putting down her glass.

"They're terrible." I agreed helping her down off the stool.

As we got into my car I couldn't help asking "What about all that jazz about your being on the faculty and my being a student? That hasn't changed you know."

"I know," she said softly but it's almost summer vacation so it won't make any difference."

I pulled her to me and pressed my lips down on the ripe fullness of hers and felt her instant response. "And when vacation time is over we'll you toss me aside again?" I asked.

"No darling," she promised "not ever again. From now on you can teach me more things than I can teach you."

THE END

MORNING-GLORY OREAMS

Newer then selfieg glue to eating morning glory seeds. whinh has become sninh a ted on some eutlege campuses that the American Medicat Assosiatbre is nrging nentrol over their sale Whee eaten it seems, the seeds can produce reantems sumilar to those at LSD or other drugs capable of producing hallucinel ons, and he habd formong ton Already nee sun de has been reported as a result The Fhed and Drug Administration is th ik ing over the AMA's suegestion

Remember the old goldfish-swallowing days?

MECHANICAL RLOOD PUMPS

Thanks to grants from the National Institutes ot Health some 13 nsbiebens are at work on a smolt mechanical bleed pump that could be installed in the human hody to take over the work at a farting heart. Some 17 types have already been tested one at whnih nonsists ot a flexible plastin inann chamber encased in a rigid plastic chamber nad driven by bursts ot compressed a r generated outside the body One petient who hedn't reapended to any other treatmenh was kept alive for two days by this pump and w hin 10 years, some scientists foresee artificial hearts witt be in use in human lungs.

CURES THAT HURT

tt most often seem t: o tot ot people that the cure is as bad as the disease. You ge in o hesaital for some simple little operation like having your tonsils or your appendix out and wheamed you contract staph the infection which is driving doctors and hospitel brans nut at the: minds tl used to be that, tt you had an nther. your phys cian prescribed o muh and-atkoli diet—whnh caused kidney stenes. New nhoors are being treated different ly hei it you're trying to keep your weight down to avnid heart attack, alt the tomato and fruit jnices you are dihking may ohe cause kidney stones And so nertainly may a hot seamuer or living in Florida o Southen Calsfornia. Se you pays your money and takes your chnce

DENTAL DISCOVERIES

That devetish dnll whmh has made o dentist's office a 20th Century tortnre rhamber may be on its way in the Smithsonine Dentel research hoes have name np with o new hed of filling an adhesive kind whnh would stick, and alt thal kosiness of making a cavity tanger on that the filing could be locked in will be gone—we hope forever. With one of the new materials—several monntactenns are working on them—the dentist can just clean the cavity and slap in the fitting relying on its adhesiveness to keep it in place. If the new materials do what they are supposed to do they "will revolutionize the dental profession," says Dr Robert C Likins at the Nabenet Institute of Dental Research And he can say that again. Even though the new fillings will need more and because at final dentists will have to spend more hms ont treg them in because of them extaminterity what tregsuffering pehent s go ng to quahbh about a h gher price?

And maybe eventuolly we won't have any cavihes soy more and think ot all the money we can save then Dr Neuceuse Op tn Sniffoln is testing a the adhesive making that hardens after being applied this supposed to prevent deney to the same way that pent keeps metal from rusting He's been



By
ALICE
CRANE

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE READER SERVICE

testing it for two years says it's "very effnctive.

Meantime a Navy dental researcher has suggested after a series of studies in New Zealand that there may be a connection between tnnth decay and cannor The tack at certain minerals in soil and water appears to be associated with nancer decay gotter and heart disease Captain Fred L Losee reported to the Chicago Dental Society Dnn gron, he said could not help but be struck w th the rough similarity at caries (teeth decay) prev alence rates and the distribution of other human ailments ostably endemic goiter and some forms of nancer

RRUG FLOOD

Just to prove that medical science is not standing still—though it still hasn't a cure for the common nold—is the fact that roughly three-fourths of the prescriptions given out today weren't even known as recently as 1950.

EXERCISE AND FAT NEW FACTS

For a long time new weight-watchers have been inculcated with the idea that the only way to lose their excess puntndge was by dieting, and that the amount ot exercise needed to burn up a few calories was so tremendous it just wasn t practinable But Dr Frank Konishi of Southern Illinois University has come up with some new and startling statistics in this department. A grass of beer he says contains 114 calories and if you lie down to read the paper it will take you 88 minutes to burn them up fond by that time no dentst you'll be more than ready for another! But if you go th o wetk, you will burn up the calories in 22 minutes if you ride a bicycle in 14; t you swim they'll be gone in 10 and if you run you'll have done the job in six. So man go!

HEART REPAIRS

The way things are going it's good to know that a team of doctors at the Medical College of South Caurina in Charleston is having some luck repairing heart wnecks caused by knives ice picks bullets and other snnh lethal weapons In the New England Journal of Medicine they reported on the recovery and return to heavy labor of a 39-year-old prison nmate who was stabbed in the chest during a riot, and the case of a 42 year-old laborer who survived after a bullet wound in the chest After three operations the prisoner still has a nutritur but is able to work while the other patient was reported as greatly improved

30,000 BLIND A YEAR—CAUSES UNKNOWN

One at the most tasetnating—or maybe dismaying—things about disease is how little even the top-notch scientists know about what causes it Take cataracts, for instonce with which prantically every person who lives long enough will be afflinted Doctors know what it is a nlending over at the lens of the eye so that the world becomes dim and grayer to the person suffering from it Surgery to remove the lens has become routine and thousands of people are walking around nealer their own power with glasses or contant lenses snbbing for the cloudy lenses which have been removed

But does anyone know what causes most own lenses to nbeal over to begin with? to th ohet? Heredity? Some unknown virus? Nobody writ even hazard a guess.

The same thing is time of glaucoma which because it is sneaker causes more blindness than do cataracts Its immediate cause is well known when tension builds up to the eye tl eventually presses on the nerves and deadens them Without those nerves yon plom nan t see and seen they have been destroyed nothing nan be done to repair them Discovered in time however glaucoma can be controlled by drops or it they don t work, by surgery first who knows what causes the tension to build up in the first plnce? Nobody that's who

Some 30 000 people in Amerme lose their sight each year—and eight ont at every five do so as a nsnlt at these and other diseases whose nauses are unknown. So it's not only for humanitarian reasons that an outfit called Nosearch to Prevent Blindness is pttching for more money to research into eye ailments it is currently costing the nation an estimated $40 dollars a year in care for tla blind Even at today's pr ces yon can do a lot of research for that kind of money

HAIR LOSS: JUST MOLTING?

Maybe yue needn't go into a panin after all when yee find loose hetr in your brush or comb According to Dr Arthnr Rook at Cambridge England the loose hair may just be your daily molting qnote Figuring an 100 000 hee r follicles per person Dr Rook estimates that at any given moment 85 per cent to 95 per cent is growing four to 14 per cent is regressing hed ree per nent is less ts resting He tignres mos s average daily molt is from 20 to 75 hairs—in case you want to count them

DO IT YOURSELF ORAY

The medical profession takes a dim view of home remedies, on the whole but Dr Merrts tushbe doesn't agree The former editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association says doctors would be swamped if they had to treat the 760 000 000 mikis Americans have each year pins must burns and bru sas and cuts and scratehns

BACK FROM A DEEP FREEZE

She's nuses her feet—they had to be amputated—but otherwise Mrs Goldie Jennings is making an almost miraculous recovery after being literally frozen stiff in a mishap that killed her husband When she was found in her trailer home in Pikeville Kentucky early in February she had no blood pressure and no pnlse and her husband in an adjoining room was estimated to have been dead for 48 hours due to exposure after the gas heat in the trailer went off The 50-year-old woman says she doesn t remember much about her experience

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says TY HICKS

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